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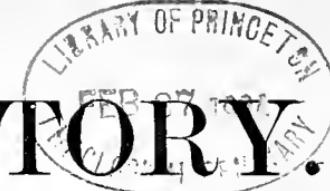
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THE
BANNER OF VICTORY.



A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Songs, Duets, Quartets, and Choruses,

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS,

AND THE FIRESIDE.

BY A. J. ABBEY AND M. J. MUNGER.

BOSTON:

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OLIVER DITSON & CO.

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AUTHORS' PREFACE.

"THE BANNER OF VICTORY" is designed as the legitimate successor of "WHITE ROBES," which has been received with remarkable favor, having a wide circulation, and giving universal satisfaction. It was considered advisable to embody a "DEVOTIONAL DEPARTMENT" in this work, furnishing tunes in one volume for the *Sunday School* and *Prayer Meeting*, which can be used by both as desired, thus saving the expense of purchasing two books. We are happy to present *selections* from a large amount of material, and considering the long list of *eminent authors* (to whom we tender our sincere thanks), and great variety of compositions, we earnestly hope this work may please better and prove even more interesting and useful than our popular "WHITE ROBES."

THE EDITORS.

 The Hymns and Music in this book are protected by copyright, and no one can use or reprint them without permission from the authors and publishers.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

"Some people are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In like manner, some people by nature have a fine insight into young people's hearts and ways, while others, who quickly forget the feelings of childhood when their spring-days have passed, only acquire a partial facility in speaking or writing to the Sunday School world.

But the compilers of this victorious book have needed no training. They know by nature how to find entrance to the hearts of loving children, and this faculty shows itself in every page of the present work.

So please accept it in good faith for Sunday scholars; they cannot help liking it.

Especially those who have used WHITE ROBES, the previous work by the same busy hands, will take without question this new compilation; which is, with this exordium, fearlessly sent forth on its peaceful career of conquest.

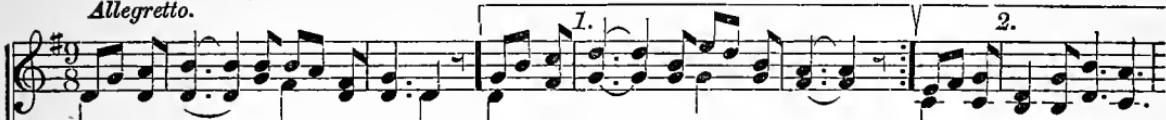
THE BANNER OF VICTORY.

IMMANUEL'S PRAISE.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians vi: 14.

JUDSON.

Allegretto.

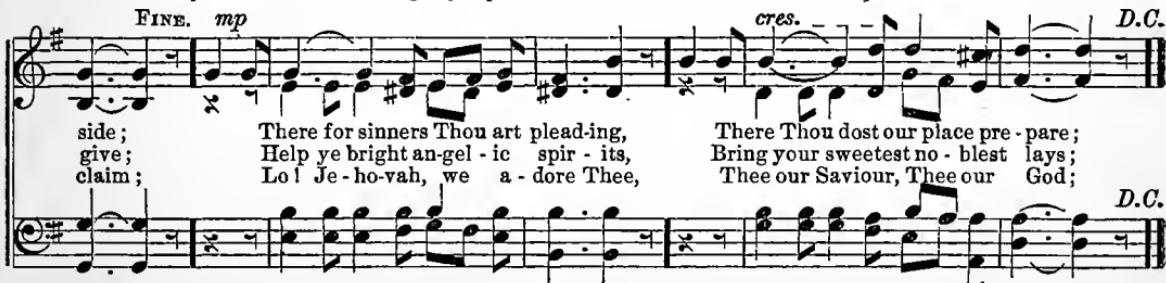


1. Je - sus, hail! enthron'd in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; }
All the heav'ly host a-dore Thee, [OMIT.] Seat-ed at Thy Father's
2. Worship, hon - or, pow'r and blessing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive; }
Loudest prais - es with-out ceas-ing, [OMIT.] Meet it is for us to
3. Crown His head with endless blessing, Who in God the Fa-ther's name, }
With com-pas-sion nev - er ceas - ing [OMIT.] Comes sal-va-tion to pro -



- 1 D.C.—Ever for us in - ter-ced-ing, [OMIT.] Till in glo-ry we ap -
2 D.C.—Help to sing our Saviour's merits, [OMIT.] Help to chant "Immanuel's
3 D.C.—From Thy throne the beams of glory [OMIT.] Shine thro' all the world a

FINE. *mp*



side;
give;
claim;

There for sinners Thou art plead-ing,
Help ye bright an-gel - ic spir - its,
Lo! Je - ho-vah, we a - dore Thee,

There Thou dost our place pre - pare;
Bring your sweetest no - blest lays;
Thee our Saviour, Thee our God;

pear.
praise."
broad.

D.C.

BANNER OF VICTORY!

MRS. EMMA PITTS.

A. J. ABBEY.

*Spirited.**"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—Psalm xx: 5.*

1. The ban - ner of vic - to - ry we hoist to the breeze; Its beau - ty shall shine o'er the far dis - tant seas;
2. The ban - ner of vic - to - ry we give to the world, With greetings of joy may it then be unfurld'd,
3. We set up our ban - ner in Je - sus' own name ; To bear all the conflicts, and suf - fer, He came;
4. We fol - low His foot-steps; the way may be long ; But vic - t'ry's our watchword, redemption our song;

*cres.**mod.*

All nations shall welcome its coming with pride, It her - aids the glo-ry of Him who hath died.
 And spread its bright pinions o'er sea and o'ershore, Till sol - diers can bat-tle and con - quer no more.
 In Him we will glo-ry, His mer - its a-lone Can save us in heaven to meet round the throne.
 We'll shout His glad praises, to tell of His love, And march to the music of an - gels above.

*Chorus animated.**f**mod.*

The ban - ner of vic - to - ry! it ev - er shall wave, All foes have been conquer'd,e'en death and the grave;

* Use the tie in 3rd and 4th verses.

BANNER OF VICTORY. Concluded.

cres. *mf* *mod.*

Our Cap - tain is Je - sus, who rose from the tomb, He bids us march onward to meet Him at home.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.* (Infant Class Song.)

E. R. LATTA.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matthew xxi: 16.

FRANZ.

Andante.

I.

2.

1. We can do something, tho' children so young; Something for Je - us with hand or with tongue;
2. We can do something God's vineyard within; Tho' it seem worthless, His smile it will win.
3. We can do something to res - cue the throng; Thoughtlessly speeding to ru - in a - long;
4. We can do something to has-ten His reign; Something for Jesus, His blessing to gain;

INST.

*Repeat } We can do something, tho' { OMIT lit - 'tles it be.
and B.C. }*

FINE. Refrain. *mod. mp*

mf

D.C.

Let us do something, dear Saviour for Thee; Something for Thee, Something for Thee, Let us do something, dear Saviour for Thee.

* Observe the little notes in the D.C. for Bass and Tenor words; can be played in *two sharps* if desired.

Arranged from "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission.

“THIS GRAND LITTLE ARMY.”

(Infant Class Song. Opening Song.)

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

“Feed the flock of God, which is among you.”—1st Peter v: 2.

M. J. MUNGER.

Gently.

1. A dear lit - tie ar - my of chil - dren Are march-ing with Je - sus to - day;
2. Oh! sweet is the task of the teach - er While lead-ing the dear lit - tie hand,
3. He sure - ly will smile on the teach - er Who keepeth from go - ing a - stray
4. And oh! how He loves lit - tie chil - dren, While sweetly they learn how to do
5. Marchon, lit - tie ar - my of Je - sus! Sometime in the “Sweet By-and - By,”

They come to His house ev - 'ry
Oh! sweet is the smile of the
The feet of the dear lit - tie
The things that are taught in the
Your work shall be felt by the



1st DIVISION.

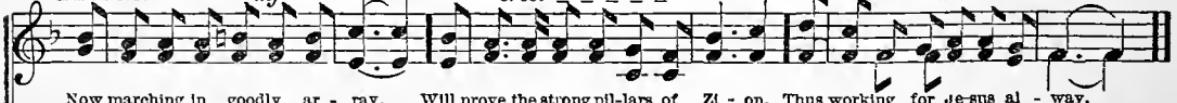
2nd DIVISION.



- sab - bath, To learn how to walk in His way... This grand lit - tie ar - my, This dear lit - tie ar - my.
 Sav - iour, While view - ing the work of your hand.
 chil - dren, Who march in His ar - my to - day.
 Bi - ble, The Bi - ble so precious and true.
 na - tion, Your names shall be written on high.



Chorus.

*mf**cres.**mod.*

Now marching in goodly ar - ray, Will prove the strong pil-lars of Zi - on, Thus working for Je-sus al - way.



BEAUTIFUL THE LITTLE HANDS. (Infant Class Song.)

7

T. CORBIN, D. D.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

"Whoever shall give these little ones a cup of cold water only, shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matthew x: 42.

Cheerful.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands That ful - fill the Lord's commands; Beau - ti - ful the
 2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' pre-cious cause to aid; All the lit - tle
 3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour ev - 'ry day; All the lit - tle
 4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in-tends for you; Make that thing your

Chorus.

lit - tle eyes Kin - dled with light from the skies. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
 first de - light; Do it to Him with your might.

I. 2.

lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
 lit - tle eyes, [OMIT.] Kin - dled with light from the skies.

CHRISTMAS BELLS. (Carol.)

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke ii: 10.

A. J. ABBEY.

Joyous.

1. Chiming bells are tuneful ringing; Joy-ful carols we are singing; Merry,merry,Christmas,Christmas day,
 2. Gladsome day of man's salvation;Spread the news to ev'ry nation;Christ the Lord has come,has come to earth;
 3. Bright o'er us the light is beaming;For with love the sky is teeming At this merry Christmas, Christmas time;

SOLI.

mp

CHORUS. f

Brightest day of all the year, Bringing bless-ed words of cheer,'Tis our Saviour's natal day.
 Praise Him now, our Saviour King, Grate-ful off'-rings to Him bring;Chant anew Emmanuel's birth.
 Glo - ry be to God! the song Saints and an - gels now prolong,While the bells their carols chime.

INST.

mp

Chorus.

Chim-ing bells are tune - ful ring - ing; Joy - ful car - ols we are sing - ing;

CHRISTMAS BELLS. Concluded.

9

Merry, mer - ry, Christ-mas, Christ - mas day.



Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas mer - ry, mer-ry Christ-mas, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas day.



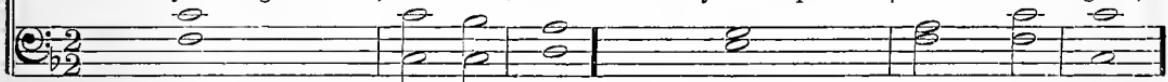
THY WILL BE DONE. (Chant.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JUDSON.



1. My God, my Father, while I stray | Far from home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho' dark my path and . . . sad my lot, Let me be still, and . . . mur - mur not,
3. If Thou shouldst call me . . . to re - sign What I most prize, it . . . ne'er was mine;
4. Renew my will from . . . day to day; Blend it with Thine, and . . . take a - way
5. If but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet spirit . . . for its guest,



Oh, teach me from my heart to say: "Thy will be done."
 But breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught, Thy will be done.
 I only yield Thee what was Thine; Thy will be done.
 All that now makes it hard to say: "Thy will be done."
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest; Thy will be done. A - MEN.

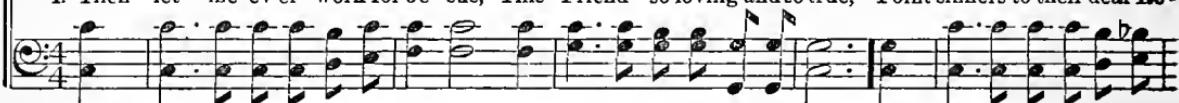


I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by MRS. EMMA PITTS, Baltimore, Md. By per.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matthew xi: 30.

Mod.



mod.

Chorus.



va - tion, With His own blood He set me free.
mer - ey, I'll speak His goodness every day!
gave me; To Him a - lone are praises meet.
deem - er, My home e - ter - nal keep in view.

I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus,

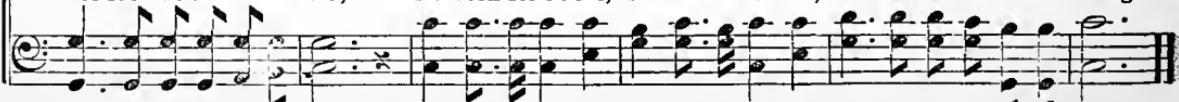


mod.

rit.



Work for Je-sus till I die; I'll work for Je-sus, I'll work for Je-sus, Then I'll dwell with Him on high.



THE HAPPY TIME HAS COME. (Picnic Song.)

11

MARY B. PECK.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"—Psalm civi: 31.

Very joyous.

1. The hap - py time has come at last, The fes - tive joy - ous day, When chil-dren of the Sun - day school All
The sunshine bright, the birds and flow'rs, This day doth smile up - on; [OMIT.]
2. Come, gath-er round' our pas - tor dear, While cheerful hymns of praise Be -neath these green and fragrant woods With
With raptures man - y voi - ces sweet, Tri - umphant songs we'll sing. [OMIT.]
3. We love our Sun - day school so well, It is a pleas-ure rare, At each call of the Sah-hath bell To
But oh, how joy - ous doth it seem In sum - mer fields and grove, [OMIT.]

look so bright and gay; } And God each heart hath fill'd with love To Him and ev' - ry one. Yes, hap - py children
one ac - cord we raise. } As in the how'rs we joy to meet, How fit to praise the King.
meet our teacher's there. To have one hap - py hol - i - day With dear friends that we love!

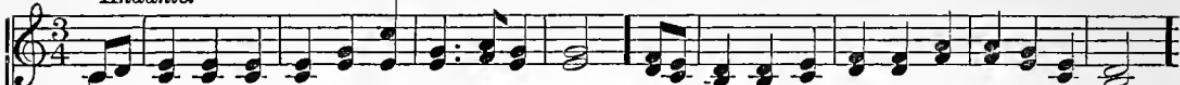
may we he, Whose hearts are full of love; This fes - tive day with all its glee Is bless'd by God a - bove.

SHARON'S BRIGHT ROSE.

A. J. ABBEY.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—
1 Corinthians, ii: 9.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—Solomon's Song, i: 1 & 12.

Andante.

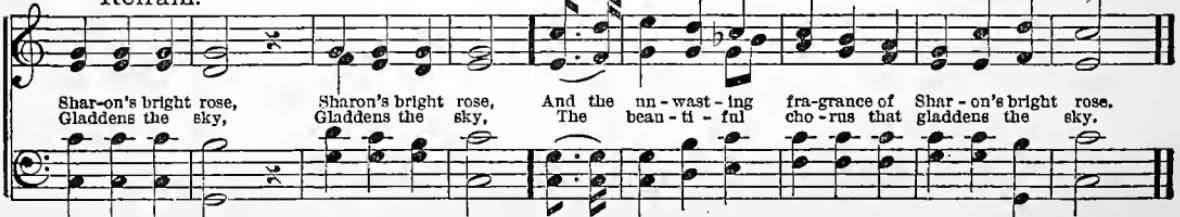
1. When beau - ti - ful flow - ers im - part their per - fume,
2. Of the home of my Sa - viour, of joys that a - wait
3. 'Tis the home of the ran-som'd, the land of the blest,
4. 'Tis the home that my Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare;
5. We bless Thee, our Sav - iour, who call'et us to share

And sweet is their fragrance and love-ly their bloom,
The spir - its that pass thro' the bright pearl-y gate;
Where the pil - grim shall en - ter a glo - ri - ons rest,
No heart can con - ceive of the blessed-ed - ness there,
The beau - ti - ful home Thou hast gone to pre - pare;



- I think of the sum-mer that end-less-ly
Of the anthems of rap-ture un-ceas-ing and
To wan - der in gladness the pastures of
Of the un - end-ing glo - ry a - wait-ing the
We hope in Thy mer - cy that wash'd from our

glows, And the un-wast-ing fragrance of Sharon's bright rose;
high, The beau - ti - ful cho-rus that gladdens the sky;
green, And drink the still wa - ters of pleasure se - rene.
just, Where in Je - sus' own like-ness they rise from the dust.
sin, Thro' the gates of the city we may all en - ter in.

*Refrain.*

Shar-on's bright rose,
Gla-dens the sky,
Shar-on's bright rose,
Gla-dens the sky,
And the un - wast-ing fra-grance of Shar - on's bright rose,
The beau - ti - ful cho-rus that gladdens the sky.

I WILL SEEK JESUS.

Tune,—“Sharon’s Bright Rose.”

13

REV. A. B. EMMONS.

1 “Tis a sweet blessed story the Bible hath giv’n
Of Jesus the Saviour who came down from heav’n,
Of Jesus the Saviour whose love is so free;
Oh, I’m glad when I think that this Jesus loves me!

REFRAIN.—Jesus loves me, etc.

2 Oh, many have heard of the Blessed One’s name,
Of the Christ that was born in far-off Bethlehem;

And many have come unto Him and found rest;
I too will seek Jesus, for I would be blest.

REFRAIN.—I would be blest, etc.

3 I know I am weak, and oft sinful and wild,
But I love this dear Jesus, and would be His child;
Give me grace, Heav’ly Father, that when life is past
I may praise my dear Saviour in Heaven at last.

REFRAIN.—Heaven at last, etc.

THE JUBILEE.

REV. ROBT. KERR.

“Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous.”—Psalm xxxii: 11.

D. E. DORTCH.

Boldly.

1. The sil - ver trumpets call
2. Let heav’n and earth a - gree
3. Lost E - den is re - stored;
4. The gos - pel bu - gle blow

The gladsome ju - bi - lee! The fet - ters now must fall; The
To sound His fame a - broad, Thro’ whom the ju - bi - lee Calls
All hail the ju - bi - lee! Let Je - sus be a - dored For
O'er ev' - ry land and sea, Till Sa - tan's captives know That

D.S.—The sil - ver trumpets call The

FINE.

D.S.

bondsmen may go free! For Je - sus has the ransom paid, And the new way to glo - ry made.
back the world to God. How fer - vent - ly His heart doth burn To see His ban-ish'd ones re - turn!
grace so full and free. Ye ru - in'd souls, no lon - ger roam; No more despise your blood-bought home.
Je - sus makes them free! Soon may He see them, born a - gain, The hap - py sub - jects of His reign.

gladsome ju - bi - lee.

From “TIDINGS OF JOY,” by permission.

HAPPY MEETING! (Anniversary Song.)

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever." — Psalm lxi: 8.

M. J. MUNGER.

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. Once a-gain we gladly gath-er, While has roll'd an-other year, Teachers, children, friends, and parents, All who
2. Man-y voic-es, many blessings, Man - y tri-als have we known Thro' the year that now has ended, Yet how
3. Oft we've met in God's own temple As each Sabbath dawn'd so fair, Where we learn'd such holy precepts, And for-

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time, continuing from the previous section.

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time, continuing from the previous section.

love the Saviour dear. Happy fa - ces, joy-ful greet-ings, Songs of wel - come, joy, and praise
 quickly it has flown! Let us now re - count the mercies, And for-get the tri - als sad;
 got all worldly care; Lit-tle chil - dren too be thank-ful For your Sun - day school each week,

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time, continuing from the previous section.

Chorus *not too fast.*

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time, continuing from the previous section. The dynamic 'f' (forte) is indicated above the music.

Are the sounds that echo round us On these anniversary days. Happy meet - ing, joyful greet - ing, Heav'nly
 Let us tell of Je-sus' goodness, Sing to Him in praises glad.
 Where you've learn'd to lisp the praises Of dear Jesus mild and meek.

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time, continuing from the previous section.

Happy meeting, joyful greeting,

HAPPY MEETING. Concluded.

15

cres.

prais - es let us sing, That an - oth - er year has found us, Serving all our Saviour King.

Heav'ly praises let us sing, That an-other year has found us, Serving all our Saviour King.

E. A. BARNES.

Allegretto.

SABBATH BELLS. (Opening Song.)

JUDSON.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."—Isaiah lv: 6.

1. Sab - bath bells, Sab - bath hells, Ring - ing on the air; Hear them, like a
 2. Sab - bath hells, Sab - bath bells, Ev - er sweet and clear, Send - ing from their
 3. Sab - bath bells, Sab - bath bells, Mu - sic that we love, Chim - ing in the
 4. Sab - bath bells, Sab - bath hells, Peal - ing on the air, Ring - ing out their

slower.

sil - ver call: "Come ye pil - grims one and all To the House of Pray'r."
 met - al throats Wel - come peals and peace - ful notes That we love to hear.
 day of rest Which our God has sweet - ly blest From His courts a - bove.
 mes - sage sweet, One and all come forth and meet In the House of prayer.

JESUS IS TENDERLY CALLING.

MRS. KATE S. BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—Luke xii: 32.

mod. mp

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, "Oh, suffer the children to come, Of such is the kingdom of
 2. Sweet is the call of His mer-cy; He knoweth what dangers be-tide, What snares may be hid in the
 3. Gently He takes to His bo-som, And carries the lambs of His fold; He nev-er will leave nor for-

Chorus.

heav-en, My beau-ti-ful, glo-ri-ous home!" Then come, children come, and His blessing receive, Your
 fu-ture; There's safety a-longe at His side.
 sake them; His mer-cy can nev-er be told.

slower.

Saviour and Shepherd is He; List to His voice, Make Him your choice, That lambs of His fold you may be.

SOME DAY. (Closing Song. Quartet and Chorus.)

17

LINA H. BARTON.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

"Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—Matt. xxiv: 44.

1. Some day Christ will call us home-ward To His home, we know not where; Some day
 2. Some day may come when we're work-ing In the vine-yard He has giv-en, Or it
 3. Some day may be ver-y near us, Near-er to us than we think; E - ven

Chorus. *f staccato.*

we shall hear Him call - ing; Some day we shall see Him there. Some day, some day
 may be when we're stray - ing In the fields we know for-bidd'n.
 now we may be stand-ing On the si-lent riv - er's brink.

Not too fast. ff

we shall an-swer to His call; Some day, some day Christ will conquer ov - er all.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Psalm cxlv: 10.

Lively.

1. A - way to the woods, a - way, To the cool in-vit-ing shade, Where gentle waving boughs Are by the breezes swayed;
 2. A - way to the woods, a - way, To the "fa - ry-haunted" dell; A - dieu to tiresome toil, A woodland song to swell;
 3. A - way to the woods, a - way. What a merry laughing throng; Come, friends, fall into line, And go with us a - long;
 a - way, a-way,
 a - way, a-way,
 a - way, a-way,

waving boughs,
 tiresome toil,
 in-to line.

SOLI.

CHORUS.

Where shadows with the light A web of beauty weaves, And song-birds gal-lily sing A-mid the verdant leaves.
 The kind-ly words and smiles That bless our "pic-nic" hours, As sweet to us shall be... As fragrance of the flow'rs.
 Ob, mnch too soon will come The clos - ing of the day, Then to the pic - nic ground Ob, let us haste a - way.

Chorus very joyful.

mf

A - way, a - way to the woods, a - way, With spir - its light and free; We'll leave our dai - ly cares be - hind, Oh! a

AWAY TO THE WOODS. Concluded.

15

Refrain (*for last verse*).*slower.*

hap - py band are wei Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! What a hap - py band are wei

LITTLE WORKERS. (Infant Class Song.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

D. E. DORTCH.

*Spirited.**"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. xii: 1.*

I.

2. *rit.*

FINE.

1. We are lit - tie workers, working for the Lord, Toll - ing in His vineyard, trusting in His word; } Tell-ing of His mer-cy, tell-ing of His love, [OMIT } Tell-ing of His home-a-bove.
2. We are lit - tie workers, sweet is our employ; Ev' - ry lit - tie heart is fill'd with holy joy; } Doing Je-sus' bidding is our one de-light, [OMIT } And to Him we give our might.
3. We are lit - tie workers, working all the day, Point-ing un - to Je-sus all who go a-stray, } Ev'er in His service will we love to be, [OMIT } Ho - ly, hap-py, glad and free.

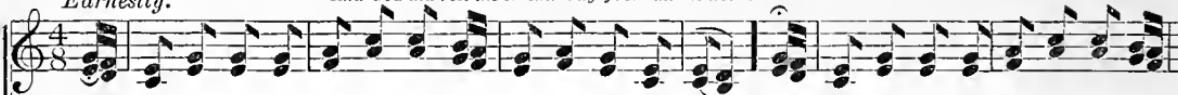
D.S.—Faithfully we'll ev-er thro' the live-long day [OMIT] Bear the golden sheaves a-way.

Chorus *boldly.*

D.S.

We are lit - tie work - ers, Work - ing for our King; Work - ing in His vine - yard, We His prais-es sing.

Earnestly.

"And God did rest the seventh day from all his works." —*Heb. iv: 4.*

1. Oh, glad-ly on this Sabbath day, The day our Father blessed, We meet to praise His ho-ly name, Who
2. We'll praise God, for our Sabbath school, For teachers good and kind, Who search with us the *Book* of books, God's
3. We'll sing with happy hearts a song Of *praise*, and *joy*, and *love*, And an-gels will the strain prolong In
4. How sweetly hallowed is this hour, To eve-ry con-trite heart, That loves our Saviour, seeks the grace His



Duet.



gave this day of rest. We'll raise our hearts to Him in pray'r, Who giveth all things bright and fair; precious truth to find; Who gent - ly lead our way-ward feet Up to the blood-bought mer - cy - seat; the bright world a - bove; Let eve - ry voice help swell the lay, And crown with joy our fes - tal day; spir - it can im - part! Lord, keep these precious souls, we pray, And guide them in the "narrow way;"



Chorus.

rit.



We'll raise our hearts to him in pray'r, Who giv - eth all things bright and fair. Who gent - ly lead our way - ward feet Up to the blood-bought mer - cy - seat. Let eve - ry voice help swell the lay, And crown with joy our fes - tal day. Lord, keep these pre - cious souls, we pray, And guide them in the "nar - row way."

rit.



GATHER THEM IN.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white, already to harvest." — John iv: 35.

21

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Gather them in, the ten - der lambs, More pre - cious far than gold; Lead them un - der the
 2. Gather them in, the stray-ing ones, That you may sweetly teach The won-der-ful love of
 3. Un - der the bri - ars you may find Beau-ti-ful sheaves of wheat; Gath-er them in with
 4. Gath-er them in, the lit - tle ones, Now,in their tender youth, In - to the fold of

Chorus.

shepherd's wing; In - to His pre - cious fold. Gath-er them in, yes, gath - er them in,
Christ, the Son, Offered a - like to each. Gath-er them in, yes, gath - er them in,
 patience kind, In - to the gar - ner sweet. Gath - er, yes, gath - er them in,
Christ, our Lord, In - to the way of truth. Gath - er, yes, gath - er them in,

mod.

Out from the world so full of sin, Gather them in, yes, gather them in, Gather the children in.

mod.

Gath - er, yes, gather them in,

A BRIGHTER HOME. (Opening Song.)

JUDSON.

"Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."—Heb. iv.
GIRLS. BOYS.



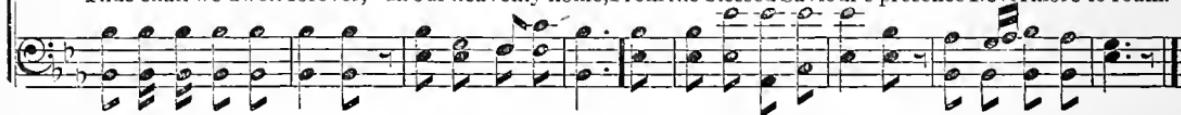
1. Sweet is the hallowed chiming Of the Sabbath bells, Borne on the gentle breezes, Pure the tale it tells;
2. In the Sabbath school we'll linger, Never more to roam, Till our Saviour calls us from it, To a "brighter home;"
3. Then when our Saviour calls us To our home above, We will join in heav'ly music, Singing "God is love,"



FULL CHORUS.



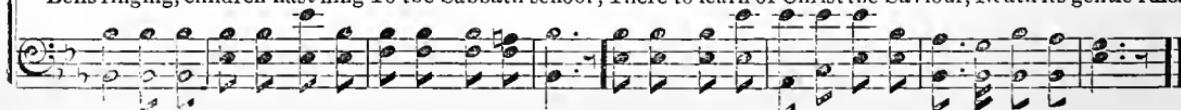
Tells of the happy meeting, In the Sabbath school, Where points the faithful teacher To the golden rule;
Stand by our faithful teachers On each Sabbath day; Sing sweet and holy mu-sic On our heav'ly way.
Thus shall we dwell forever, In our heavenly home, From the blessed Saviour's presence Nevermore to roam.



Refrain.



Bells ringing, children hast'ning To the Sabbath-school; There to learn of Christ the Saviour, Neath its gentle rule.



'T IS THE COMFORTER.

23

E. R. LATTA.

"For if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you."—John xvi. 7.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. In my joy, and in my sor-row, As a pil - grim here I stray; There's a presence more than
 2. If the sky is bright a - bove me, Or with clouds be o - ver - spread, Still I need that blessed
 3. In my joy my feet might wander, Did that presence not re - strain; In my sor - row I should

earthly, Ev - er with me on my way; 'Tis the Com - fort - er from hea - ven, To the
 presence, As my wind - ing path I tread. Ho - ly Spir - it, lin - ger near me, To sus -
 struggle To pur - sue my way in vain; But His bless - ed pres - ence heed - ed, He sup -

staccato

rit.

wea - ry wand'r'er giv - en; The dis - ci - ples, long a - go, Je - sus told it should be so.
 tain, di - rect, and cheer me; The dis - ci - ples, long a - go, Je - sus told it should be so.
 pli - eth what is need - ed; The dis - ci - ples, long a - go, Je - sus told it should be so.

A BAND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

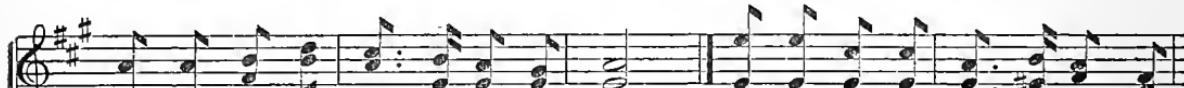
M. J. MUNGER.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark x: 16.

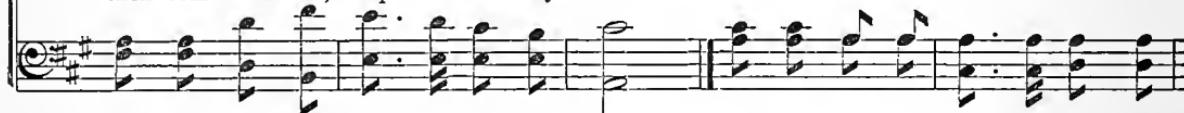
1. See the band of lit - tle chil - dren, Dai - ly draw-ing nigh,
 2. Sure the cause of Christ will flour - ish, With the lit - tle band March-ing on be -
 3. Ev - er shall the glo - riou s ban - ner Wave a - bove the head Of each child with -
 4. Through their life, in eve - ry bat - tle, They have naught to fear, Je - sus be - ing



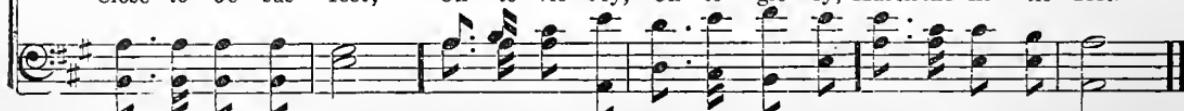
Chorus.



glo - riou s ban - ner Of our King on high. Glad - ly, sweetly, they are com - ing
 neath His ban - ner, Un - der His com - mand.
 in the ar - my, Where - so - e'er they tread.
 their com - man - der, Help is al - ways near.



Close to Je - sus' feet; On to vic - try, On to glo - ry, March the lit - tle feet.



THE BETTER LAND. (Closing Song.)

25

"Him that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life."—Rev. iii: 5.

E. A. BARNEs.

A. J. ABBEY.

mf

1. There is a land With pas - tures ev - er - green, And where, up - on the
 2. There is a rest Which noth - ing can al - loy; And well we know 'tis
 3. There is a home In man - sions far a - way, Where shad - ows dark shall

gold - en strand, The tree of life is seen. That beau - ti - ful land, That heav - en - ly land
 sweet - ly blest, With pure and ho - ly joy. That beau - ti - ful rest, That heav - en - ly rest
 nev - er come To mar the per - fect day. That beau - ti - ful home, That heav - en - ly home

ritard.

Where beau - ty blooms and nev - er dies, Be -neath the bright, ce - les - tial skies!
 Where wea - ry ones shall nev - er sigh, When they shall lay their bur - dens by!
 Which faith re - veals to you and me, As stand - ing near the crys - tal sea!

WILL JESUS SAVE ME? (Infant Class Song.)

"For ye are all the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus."—Galatians iii: 26.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. B. SMITH.

1. I'm told that Je-sus loves me; is it true? And that He yearns to have me love Him too?
 2. And will He take my man-y sins a-way? And keep me dai-ly in the nar-row way?
 3. I've heard that He has mansions in the sky; And will He take me thith-er when I die?
 4. Will Je-sus take me kind-ly by the hand, And lead me to that bright-er, bet-ter land?

S: Chorus.

FINE.

D.S.—Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me ten-der-ly; He died to save a lit-tle child like me.
 Oh, yes, yes, yes! from sin I shall be free; He died to save a lit-tle child like me.
 Oh, yes, yes, yes! a mansion mine shall be; He died to save a lit-tle child like me.
 Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glo-ry I shall see; He died to save a lit-tle child like me.

(Refrain.) SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

D.S.

Will Je-sus save a lit-tle child like me? From all my sins will Je-sus set me free? D.S.

INST.

IN THY CARE.

27

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

M. J. MUNGER.

SOLO IN UNISON.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Isaiah xl: 11.

1. Je - sus, keep with - in Thy fold, Un - der thy pro - tec - tion,
 2. May the words they learn to - day Keep their feet from err - ing;
 3. May the bless - ed truths they learn Soothe in time of sad - ness;
 4. May they ey - er work for Thee, Naught but sin e'er fear - ing,

Chorus.

All these ten - der lambs that now Bow in sweet sub - jec - tion. *In thy care, In thy care,*
 Keep them in the nar - row way, In thy love a - bid - ing.
 May thy love with - in them burn, Love that fills with glad - ness.
 That each child may ready be At our Lord's ap - pear - ing.

Keep these chil - dren, ev - er; Guard their feet from ev' - ry snare, That they wan - der nev - er.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

MISS MARY B. PECK.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning." — Ps. xxx: 6.

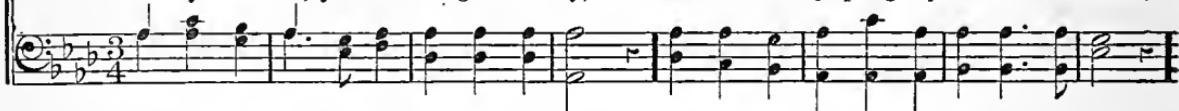
M. J. MUNGER.

Moderato con espress.



1. Wait-ing and watching for dawning of day,
2. Wait ye, and watch, butch, nev - er despair!
3. Led by a star, just one sin - gle clearay,

Day nev - er end - ing and glo-ri-ous- ly bright;
Wea - ry, and sor - row-ing pil-grims of earth;
"Je - sus the Day-spring" by wise men was found;

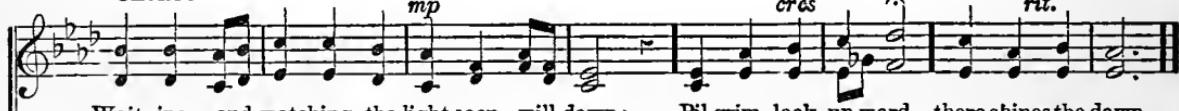


Pilgrims of earth, upward look on your way;
Dark-est the night just as dawn-ing so fair,
In the bright realms wheree-ter - nal is day,

Faith-ful your vig - il, ye'll soon find the light.
On this dear world has its glo - ri - ous birth.
He is now wait-ing our faint hopes to crown.



CHORUS.



Wait-ing and watching, the light soon will dawn; Pil-grim, look up-ward, there shines the dawn.



THE LIVING LORD! (Easter Carol.)

29

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"He is not here; for He is risen."—Matthew xxviii: 6.

A. J. ABBEY.

Mod. Duet.

1. At the light - est touch of morn-ing Darkest shad - ows flee a-way; Angels watch to see the
 2. Near the tomb a loved one weep-ing; Why, oh why those fall-ing tears? Lo! thy Sav - iour is not
 3. Not with-in the tomb be gaz - ing; Death no more thy Lord shall bind; Up-ward now thine eyes be

INST.

Chorus. *Boldly.* *stac.* *v v v v* *cres.*

dawning, Glad-ly tell when breaks the day.
 sleep-ing; Qui - et then thy throbbing fears.
 rais - ing, There a liv - ing Christ to find.

He has ris - en! *He has ris-en! Go pro -*

claim the joy - ful word! *moderato* *mf* *rit.*

Go pro-claim the joy - ful word, Va - cant now the rock-bound pris - on; He has ris - en, Christ is Lord!

TENDERLY PLEAD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

"Hear my reasoning, and hearken to the pleadings of my lips."—Job xiii: 6.

REV. H. G. KING.

1. Out on the wastes of sin and death, Bear-ing a load of sad-ness,
 2. God's love for guilt-y, sin-ful man, Is un-de-fin-ed, un-bound-ed;
 3. Je-sus, when on the earth be-low, 'Mid all His care and sor-row;

Wan-ders a pre-cious soul to-day, Look-ing for rest and glad-ness.
 Oh, how he longs to clasp in love, All those by sin sur-round-ed.
 Made for His chil-dren when they die, Homes in the bright to-mor-row.

D.S.—He will sup-ply His chil-dren's need, He will from sin re-lease us.

Chorus.

Ten-der-ly plead, ten-der-ly plead, Plead for the love of Je-sus:

D.S.

PLEASANT IS THE SABBATH BELL. (Opening Song.)

31

A. J. ABBEY.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Psalm xxxiv: 11.

Not too fast.

1ST SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of joy to tell In the light of God.
2. Shall we e - ver rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Where immortal praises swell In the light of God.
3. Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Jesus see In the light of God.

2ND SEMI-CHORUS.

But a mu-sic sweeter far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.
And can children e - ver go, In the light, in the light, Where e - ter - nal Sabbaths glow In the light of God.
For the good a restre-mains In the light, in the light, Where the glorious Saviour reigns In the light of God.

Chorus.

Let us walk, . . . Let us walk, . . . Let us walk in the light, in the light of God, Let us

Let us walk, Let us walk, Let us walk in the light of God,

walk, . . . Let us walk, . . . Let us walk in the light, in the light of God.

Let us walk, Let us walk,

* Can be played in D, *two sharps*, by using accidental *sharp* where the natural now is.

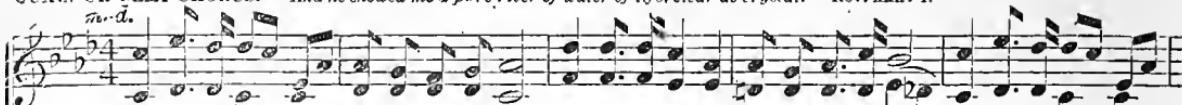
HE IS LEADING BY THE WATERS.

MRS. HARRIET JONES,
QUAR. OR SEMI-CHORUS.

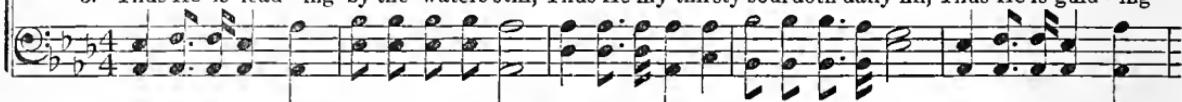
M. J. MUNGER.

"And he shewea me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."—Rev. xxii: 1.

m. d.



1. He, the dear Saviour, doth His word fulfil,
 Near to the waters, peaceful, calm, and still, He gently leads me
 2. Thro' the green pastures He is leading me; He leads me sweetly and continually; Gen-tly my Sa - viour
 3. Thus He is lead - ing by the waters still, Thus He my thirsty soul doth daily fill, Thus He is guid - ing



Chorus.



sweetly day by day, Leads, that I faint not, all along the way. Gentle riv - er! Peaceful riv - er!
 ever guides my feet, Thro' peaceful meadows beauteous and sweet.
 thro' the pastures sweet, Giving me comfort, rest and joy complete

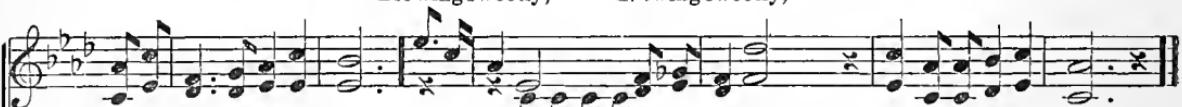


Flowing sweetly,

Flowing sweetly,

Gentle river,

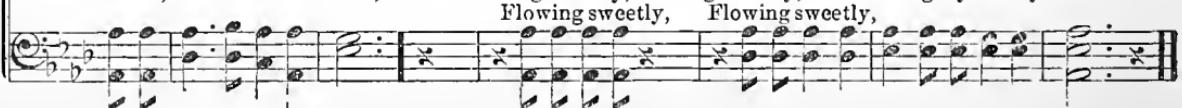
Peaceful river,



River, ev-er calm and full,

Flowing sweetly, Flowing sweetly, Filling my thirsty soul.

Flowing sweetly, Flowing sweetly,



Flowing sweetly,

Flowing sweetly, Filling my thirsty soul

ONWARD, PRESSING ONWARD.

33

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

R. G. STAPLES.

Duet.

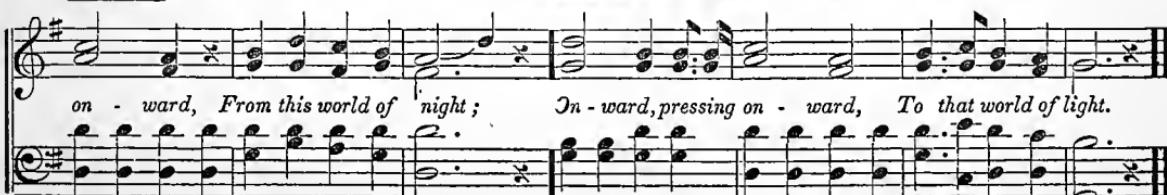
"I press toward the mark."—Phil. iii. 14.

1. On-ward, pressing onward, in the nar-row way, Clinging close to Je-sus lest our feet should stray.
 2. Up-ward, pressing upward, tho' the way be steep Fol-low-ing the Shepherd where he leads His sheep
 3. For-ward, pressing forward, for the glorious prize That a-waits the pil-grim yon-der in the skies.
 4. Hom-ward, pressing homeward, where the weary rest, Where the faithful workers are for-ev-er blest;
 5. Heav'n-ward, pressing heav'n-ward, brighter grows the way; Soon will dawn upon us one e-ter-nal day;



Chorus.

All the past forgetting, reaching on before, Where bright crowns of glory wait our journey o'er. *On-ward, pressing*
 Tho' we oft-en wea-ry, there is rest at last, So we'll still toil upward till our journey's past.
 Working here with Jesus, with him there we'll reign, Praising him forever in the new re-fain.
 By and by our armor gladly we'll lay down, By and by how gladly we'll receive the crown.
 Just beyond the river is the peaceful shore; We have almost reached it, soon we'll cross it o'er.

*On-ward, pressing**on-ward, From this world of night; On-ward, pressing on-ward, To that world of light.**onward pressing, From this world of night, Onward pressing, onward pressing To that world of light.*

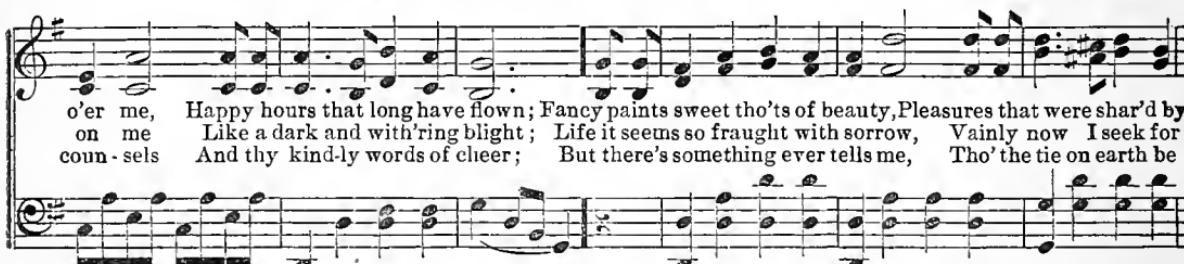
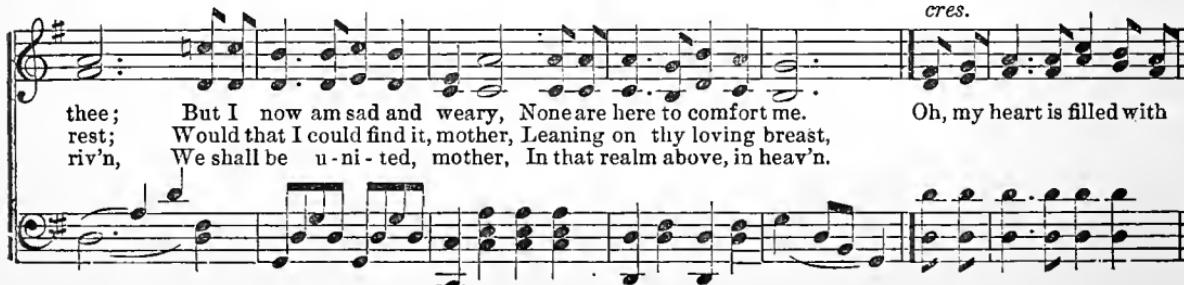
From "FOUNT OF BLESSING," by permission.

ANGEL MOTHER, I AM DREAMING

A. J. ABBEY.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Hebrews iv: 12.**Andante.*

1. An-gel moth-er, I am dream-ing, And my heart is sad and lone;
 2. Oh, I long to see thee, mother! Tell my griefs to thee to-night,
 3. An-gel moth-er, I am dream-ing; Sadly falls the bit-ter tear,
 For a-las! they crowd up -
 For I miss thy gen-tle

Chorus.
cres.

ANGEL MOTHER, I AM DREAMING. Concluded.

33

dim.

f

rit.

Sorrow, And no rest comes on the morrow ; All my hopes have sadly perish'd, Gone are those I fondly cherish'd.

SPURN ME NOT.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.

"Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth." —Psalm lxxi : 9.

1. Spurn me not, O loving Saviour! Cast me not a way; Grant me pardon, life and favor, For Thy grace I pray.
 2. I am sinful, vile, unworthy; All unclean I am; Thou art righteous, pure, and holy, *Spotless, perfect Lamb.*
 3. Thou hast died; for me a ransom, Shed thy precious blood; Thou hast purchas'd full redemption, Bo't my peace with God.
 4. To Thy cross my soul is clinging; There my faith is stayed; Make me joyful, ever singing, Thou my debt hast paid.

Chorus.

Je - sus, Sa - viour, Cast me not a way ! For I seek Thy smile and favor; Hear me while I pray.

Blessed Jesns, loving Saviour,

From "TIDINGS OF JOY." by permission.

MARCHING TO VICTORY.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv: 57.

M. J. MUNGER.

Solo.



1. The kingdom of Je-sus is threaten'd we know; The ramparts are peopled with man - y a foe; The
 2. Oh! fear not, tho' voices like trumpets defame; And fear not tho' men slight the Saviour's dear name; Oh,
 3. Tho' billows of sorrow may seem to o'erwhelm, Re - mem - ber that Je - sus is still at the helm; Re -
 4. The end of the journey will soon be at hand, And an - gels escort us to E - den's fair land; Our



in - fi - del spir - it, my broth-er, is strong; But truth, mighty truth, is still marching a-long;
 ral - ly for Christ, brother, lead - ing the throng; While truth, mighty truth, is still marching a-long;
 member to Him all our prais - es be-long. While truth, mighty truth, is still marching a-long;
 souls shall, my broth-er, be ra - diant and strong, While truth shall for all men be marching a-long;



Chorus.



Marching along, it is march - ing a - long, White are its banners, triumphant its songs;
 Marching along, Marching along,



Marching along,

Marching along,

MARCHING TO VICTORY! Concluded.

37

Truth shall yet conquer all sin and all wrong, *Marching a-long, brother, marching a-long.*

MANSIONS FOR ME!

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv: 2.

mp

1. In my Father's house above, Many mansions are; All who will accept His love May those mansions share.
 2. If we live thro' toil and pain In a lowly cot, When our heav'nly home we gain It will matter not.
 3. Without where to lay His head While with men He stayed, Christ, with every drop he bled, For our ransom paid.
 4. Tried and tempted here below, Oh! how sweet 'twill be To our Father's house to go, Home prepared for me.

Chorus.

Mansions there for me, Mansions there for thee; Thro' my Saviour's matchless love There is one for me.

Many mansions there for me, Many mansions there for thee, *Thro' my Saviour's matchless love There is one for me.*

WHITE ROBES IN HEAVEN. (Closing Song.)

E. A. BARNES.

"And they shall walk with me in white."—Rev. iii: 4.
Andante.

A. J. ABBEY.

"And white robes were given unto every one of them."—Rev. vi: 11.

1. All that in the Lord believe, All that love His ho - ly name, Lo ! from heav - en hear the
 2. All that in the Lord rejoice, All that to His promise cling, Hear the mes - sage full of
 3. All that in the Lord a - bide, All that take the cross He bore, Lo! from heav - en hear the

I will give them all a robe, White and

Chorus.

mes - sage That the Spir - it did pro - claim; glo - ry From the mansions of the King.
 mes - sage Wafted to this earth - ly shore.

I will give them all a robe

White and

spot - less shall it be;

I will give them all a robe,

White and spotless shall it be ; They shall wear the robe for - ever;They shall walk in white with me.
 spot - less shall it be.

White and spot - less shall it be ; They shall wear the robe forever;They shall walk in white with me.

THE CHILDREN'S GATHERING. (Opening Song.)

39

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv: 19.

M. J. MUNGER.

Duet.

1. The dear little children are gather'd to-day, To learn a-bout Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Who loveth and careth for
2. We'll sing to His praise, and learn from His Word, We'll pray to the child-loving Jesus, Thus learning to walk in
3. Upon our lov'd school He looks with a smile, This moment does dear loving Jesus, While gather'd to praise and
4. We love *Him*, because *He* first loved us; We know we are pleasing dear *Jesus* When we all as-sem-bled to

Chorus.

chil-dren al-way; Oh! sweet is the name of dear Je-sus.
 lov-ing ac-cord, The path mark'd out by dear Je-sus.
 wor-ship a-while Our loving com-pas-sion-ate Je-sus.
 wor-ship *Him* thus; Oh! sweet is the worship of Je-sus.

Je-sus, dear Je-sus, 'Tis sweet to think of dear

Je-sus, Who lov-eth and car-eth for chil-dren al-way; Oh, sweet is the name of dear *Je-sus!*

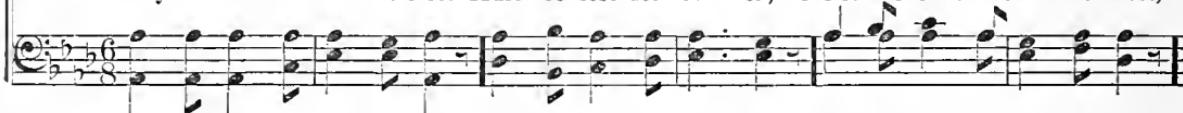
STILL THERE'S ROOM FOR OTHERS.

"It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."—Luke xiv: 22.

R. G. STAPLES.



1. Come and join our great command, Still there's room for oth - ers; Marching to the promis'd land,
 2. Je - sus bids you wel-come there, Still there's room for oth - ers; Of His glo - ry you may share,
 3. They that will not hear the cross Must be lost for - ev - er; Christ will count all such as dross,



Still there's room for oth - ers; Mil-lions safe have land-ed there, Still there's room for oth - ers;
 Still there's room for oth - ers; Welcome will the an - gels sing, Still there's room for oth - ers;
 They'll be lost for ev - er; Who will hear the word "Depart!" You are lost for ev - er;

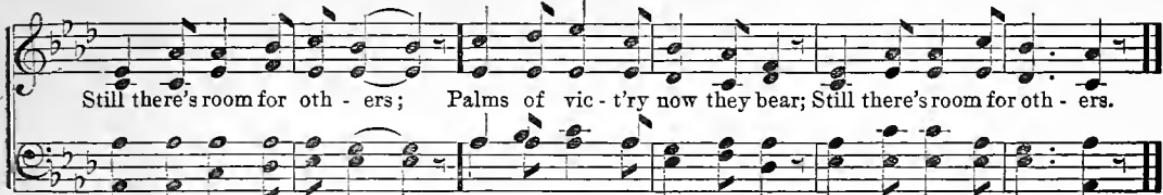


Room, . . . Room, . . .
Refrain.



Palms of vic - t'ry now they bear, Still there's room for oth - ers. Room, Room, Room, Room.
 There we'll meet the host redeemed, Still there's room for oth - ers.
 When He says, "I know you not," You are lost for-ev - er. Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!





Who'll be lost for ev - er? Hear the sol - emn word "Depart," Lost, yes lost for - ev - er!
From "FOUNT OF BLESSING," by permission.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. (Infant Class Song.)

"And in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God."—Rev. xiv: 5.

Refrain.

1. Around the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil-dren stand, {
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band. }
2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed, {
Dwelling in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade. }
3. What brought them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and fair, {
Where all is peace, and joy, and love, How came these children there. }
4. Be-cause the Sa - viour shed His blood, To wash a - way their sin; {
Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Behold them, white and clean. }

Singing glo - ry! glo - ry!

hal - le - lu - jah! Singing glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

CHRISTMAS MORN.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

"For unto us is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii : 11.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. One and all, come let us sing
 2. Je - sus came a lit - tle child,
 3. Not up - on a roy - al throne,
 4. Fold - ed warm - ly to His heart,
 5. Then when earthly scenes are past,
- On this birth-day of our King! How the bless - ed
 Ho - ly, harm - less, meek and mild; Came to reign o'er
 But in hu - man hearts a - lone; One and all, we'll
 Nev - er from His love to part; May each find a
 One and all, may we at last Find that Je - sus

Chorus.

Christ was born On the hap - py Christ - mas morn. Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
 all the earth Though so low - ly was His birth.
 make Him room, "Suf - fer such" said He "to come."
 hap - py place, In the king - dom of His grace.
 makes us room, To His glo - ry bids us come. Glo - ry! Glo - ry!

Glo - ry in the high - est! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry to our Heav'nly King!

"OH, CITY OF THE ANGELS!"

48

E. E. BEXFORD.

A. J. ABBEY.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city."—Rev. xxii: 10.*Moderato.*

A musical score for three voices. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The middle staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The bottom staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns.

1. Oh, cit - y of the angels! In dreams divinely sweet, I pass thy open gateways, And walk thy golden streets;
2. Oh, mansions of my Father! I enter through thy doors Of amethyst and jasper, And tread thy golden floors;
3. Oh, rest beyond the riv - er! Thou art not fully won; I may not share thy rap-ture Un-till my work is done;

A musical score for three voices. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The middle staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The bottom staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns.

I join the grand sweet anthems Before the great white throne; And I am fill'd with rapture That earth has never known.
And those who went before me, And long since ceased to roam, Cry out in sudden rapture, Oh, welcome! welcome home!

When death's white angel calls me, And I no longer roam, Oh, cit - y of the angels, In thee I'll find my home!

Chorus.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The middle staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The bottom staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns.

Oh, cit-y of the angels! Beyond thy jasper gates, For all earth's weary pilgrims, What rest and peace awaits!

ART THOU READY?

Be ye also ready! — Matt. xxiv: 44.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Soon the eve - ning shad - ows fall - ing Close the day of mor - tal life; Soon the
 2. Soon the aw - ful trum - pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judg-ment throne; Now pre -
 3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Art thou read - y? read - y now? Read - y
 4. Price - less love and free sal - va - tion Free - ly still are of - fered thee; Yield no

hand of death ap - pall - ing Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
 pare, for love a - bound - ing Yet hast left thee not a - lone.
 should Death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
 long - er to tempt-a - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

Chorus.

Art thou read - y? *Art thou read - y?* 'Tis the Spir - it calling; why de - lay?

Art thou ready? 'Tis the Spir - it calling; why de - lay?

From "HEAVENLY CAROLS," by permission.

Art thou ready? Art thou ready? Do not lin - ger lon-ger; come to - day.
 Art thou ready? Art thou ready? Do not lin - ger lon-ger; come to - day?

PRECIOUS SABBATHS. (Closing Song.)

A. J. ABBEY.

Legato.

1. { Now is past the time of teach - ing, End - ed is the hour we love,
 Still the pre - cious friends be-seech - ing Us to store our joys a - bove.
 2. { Soon our Sab - baths will be end - ed, And the joys they bring be past,
 Like the leaf to earth de-scend - ed, Withered in the au - tumn blast.
 3. { Then may heav'n be beaming o'er us, With its sun - ny glo - ries bright;
 And with mil - lions say'd be - fore us, May we join in worlds of light. }

Pre - cious Sab - baths, Pre - cious Sab - baths, Swift - ly, O they swift - ly fly!
Life is pass - ing, life is pass - ing, We must see the grave at last.
Prais-ing Je - sus, Prais-ing Jé - sus, Where the Sab - bath knows no night.

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

F. M. D.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2.

F. M. DAVIS.

Moderato.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on the oth - er shore, Far a - way from life's tri - als and
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y of joy and rest, With its gates ev - er stand - ing a -
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful home on the oth - er shore, Thro' our faith we can see it a -

rit.

care, Where im-mor-tals in bliss shall for - ev - er dwell; Will you meet me there, meet me there ?
 jar, Where the glo - ry of day nev - er ends in night; Will you meet me there, meet me there ?
 far, Where our Fa - ther is wait - ing to wel - come us; Will you meet me there, meet me there ?

Chorus.

In that beau-ti - ful land on the oth - er shore, *Meet me there,* *Meet me there,*
Meet me there, *Meet me there,*

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE? Concluded.

rit. *ad lib.*

47

Where the Fa - ther is wait - ing to wel - come us, Will you meet me there, meet me there, meet me there?

Will you meet me there, meet me there?

From "NEW PEARLS OF SONG," by permission.

JESUS LOVES ME. (Infant Class Song.)

JUDSON.

Staccato.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Ephesians iii: 19.

1. Je - sus loves me, this I know For the Bi - ble tells me so; Little ones to Him belong; They are weak, but
 2. Je - sus loves me, He who died, Heaven's gate to op - en wide; He will wash away my sin, Let His lit - tle
 3. Jesus loves me, loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill; From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me
 4. Je - sus loves me, He will stay, Close beside me all the way; If I love Him, when I die, He will take me

Refrain.

He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; The Bible tells me so.
 child come in.
 when I lie.
 home on high.

WORK FOR JESUS.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive." — Matt. xx: 7.

1. Let us work for Je - sus While be - low we stay, Work within His vineyard Faithfully each day.
2. Let us talk of Je - sus To each lit - tle one; Teach to them each promise Given by the Son;
3. Let us do like Je - sus, Who, with meekness sweet, Did for His dis - ci - ples, E - ven wash their feet.
4. Let us love dear Je - sus, As He loveth us; Teach the lit - tle chil - dren How to love Him thus;



Go in - to the highway, Call the wand'r'er in;..... Let us work for Jesus; Let us now be - gin.
 Tell them of the dying, On Mount Calvary;..... Let us tell how Jesus Died for thee and me.
 Let us love each other; Thus, His words obey;..... Let us do like Jesus While helow we stay.
 Teach them on the Sabbath, Teach them every day How to love dear Jesus All a - long the way.



Chorus.

Let us work for Je - sus, While below we stay; . Work within His vineyard, Faithfully each day.

PURE COLD WATER.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." —Prov. xxiii: 31.

ABBEY.

Mod.

1. I am a young abstainer, From drinking customs free; If others choose the drunkard's drink, Cold water give to me.
2. The drunkard is a foolish man, He staggers thro' the streets, And he is pointed at with scorn By every one he meets.
3. The drunkard is a careless man, He throws his cash away; He does not save his money up Against an evil day.
4. The drunkard is a cruel man, And thus we often see His wretched wife and family In rags and misery.

INST.

Full Chorus.

PURE COLD WATER, THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME; I'm a young abstain - er, From drinking customs free.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv: 9.

Joyous.

1. When the morn - ing light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
2. In the class I meet with the friends I greet, At the time of morn - ing pray'r;
3. May the dews of grace fill the hal - low'd place, And the sun-shine nev - er fail,

And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sunday - school.
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise, For 'tis al - ways pleasant there.
 While each bloom-ing rose which in mem - ry grows, Shall a sweet per - fume ex - hale.

Chorus.

For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the
 In the hook of ho - ly truth, Full of counsel and reproof, We behold the guide of youth At etc.,
 When we mingle here no more, But have met on Jordan's shore, We will talk of moments o'er At etc.,

Sabbath school. I'll a-way, a-way, I'll a-way, a-way, I'll a-way to the Sabbath school.

COME TO THE INFANT-SCHOOL. (Infant-Class Song.)

E. W. KELLOGG.

"Little children abide in Him."—1 John ii: 28.

1. Come! come! come! Come to the in - fant-school; The hour is past and gone; It
 2. Come! come! come! Come to the in - fant-school; It is the hour of pray'r; We
 3. Come! come! come! Come to the in - fant-school; Hark, don't you hear the bell? I

Refrain.

is our teacher's rule, So hasten eve-ry one. Come! come! come! Come to the in - fant-school.
 break our teacher's rule; So hasten, has-ten there.
 will not break the rule; So, lingering child, farewell.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."—2d Corinthians xiii: 5.

D. E. DORTCH.

Chorus.

What will the end - ing

end - ing be? Mansions in glo - ry for all who believe, That will the end - ing be?

From "TIDINGS OF JOY," by permission.

JESUS FOREVER LIVES! *

53

REV. H. B. GOWER.

"It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is now at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." —Rom. viii. 34.

A. JUDSON.

SOLI.

Once He with pitying eye Look'd on our mis-er - y; Saw us condemned to die; For us He died.
 Tho' He a babe be-came, Dwelt in a mor-tal frame, Bore for us grief and shame, Now King He reigns.
 No change of mortal state, No scorn of vile or hate Can His regard a - bate; Faithful His love.
 When night is long and drear, When grief is mostsevere, He bids us never fear; He lives to save.

INST.

Chorus.

* Use 1st Chorus words to all, except 2nd verse.

OUTWARD BOUND! *

F. E. REXFORD.

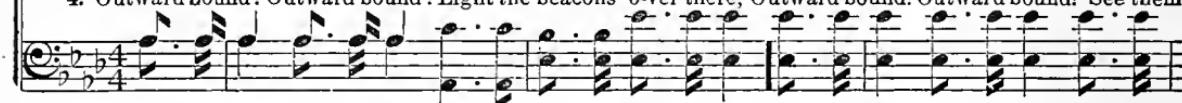
"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."—Psalm lxxii: 8.

A. J. ABBEY.

Boldly.



D.S.—1. Outward bound! Outward bound! To the land where God is King; Outward bound! Outward bound! We to -
 2. Outward bound! Outward bound! Nev-er more to voyage back; Outward bound! Outward bound! Storm and
 3. Outward bound! Outward bound! Sail-ing to e-ternal spring; Outward bound! Outward bound! There the
 4. Outward bound! Outward bound! Light the beacons o-ver there, Outward bound! Outward bound! See them

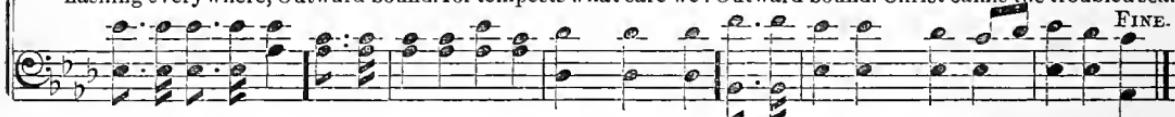


FINE.



day are voyaging; Outward bound from shores of earth and sin; Outward bound, heav'n's ports to anchorin.
 sunshine on our track; Outward bound! to reach the port of peace; Outward bound, and soon all storms shall cease.
 birds of Eden sing; Outward bound! to where no griefs are known; Outward bound to seek the great white throne.
 flashing everywhere; Outward bound! for tempests what care we! Outward bound! Christ calms the troubled sea.

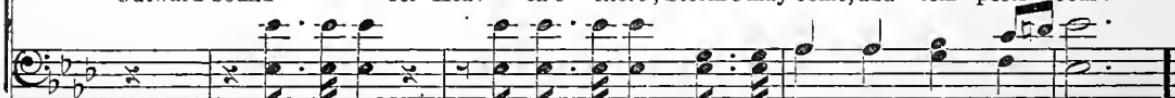
FINE.



Refrain.



Outward bound for Heav-en's shore; Storm's may come, and tem-pests roar!



Out-ward bound for Heaven's shore; Storms may come, and tem-pests roar!

* Use D.S. only after last or closing verse, using first words.

OUTWARD BOUND! Concluded.

55

But we will not cast our an - chor yet, Till safe at *Heav'n's ce - lest - ial gate!*
D.S.

But we will not cast our an - chor yet, Till safe at *Heav'n's ce - lest - ial gate!*

THIS LOVE SO FREE!

Words and Music by MARK M. JONES.

DUET OR SOLO.

"That He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man."—Heb. ii: 9.

1. How tenderly Jesus loves us, With love so pure and free! Down from His throne above us, He comes to you and me.
2. His love so freely given, Was purchased with the blood That from His dear side riven, Pours forth a saving flood.
3. Beneath that purple fountain That flows from Jesus' side Down over Calvary's mountain, We safely may abide.
4. "Tis now the Saviour asks us This precious love receive; And all that it will cost us Is simply to be - lieve.

Chorus, with expression.

Oh! who can conceive it? Oh! who can believe it? Oh! who will receive it? This love so free?

Oh! who can conceive it? Oh! who can believe it? Oh! who will receive it? This love so free?

BLESSED GIVER!

"He shall teach you all things."—John xiv: 26.

M. J. MUNGER.



1. Give un - to us, dear Sav - iour, Hearts that are cleau and pure; Give us Thy Ho - ly
 2. Help us to ask, be - liev - ing That, like a gen - tle dove, Peace, like a pla - cid
 3. Spir - it of peace, de - scend - ing, Fresh from the throne a - bove, Faithful is He who



Chorus.



Spir - it, Cleanse us that we en - dure.
 riv - er, Fill all the heart with love.
 prom - is'd, Fill - ing the soul with love.

BLESS-ED GIV-ER! Like a riv - er,



May it peace im - part, Cleanse com-plete-ly, May it sweet-ly Dwell with-in the heart.



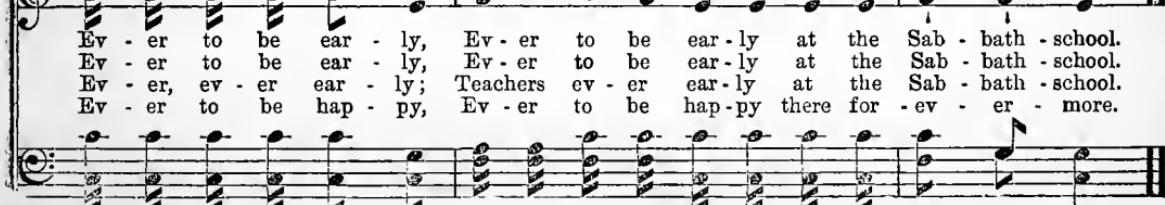
EARLY AT THE SABBATH-SCHOOL! (Infant Class Song.) 57

"For it is time to seek the Lord till he come."—Hosea x: 12.

In exact time.



Chorus.



OUT IN THE WORLD.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi: 10.

A. J. MUNGER.



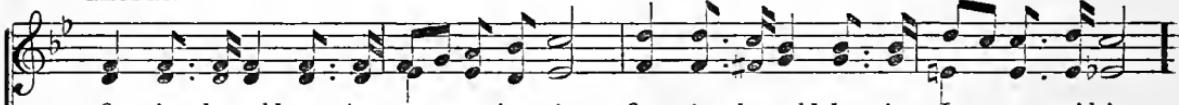
1. Out in the world may we go, dear - est Lord, Trusting alone in the truths of thy word;
 2. Out in the world in close con-tact with sin, With sore tempta-tions with-out and within,
 3. Out in the world, yet we're not of the world, High on the ramparts with ban - ners unfurld',
 4. Out in the world, but to conquest we go, Fighting 'gainst Sa - tan, the soul's dir - est foe;



Liv - ing the lives thou would'st have us to live, Till we go bence our re - ward to receive.
 Yet ful - ly trust - ing thy pro-mise, may we Lead our com - pan - ions, dear Je - sus, to *Thee*.
 Fly - ing the em - blem of Cal - va - ry's cross, Sold - iers of Je - sus, we suf - fer no loss.
 Salt of the earth, and our sav - or shall be U - til - ized when we bring siu - ners to *Thee*.



Chorus.



Out in the world, wag - ing war against sin, Out in the world, hav - ing Je - sus with-in;



Though of- ten tempt-ed, and dan - gers be-tide, We need not fear with our Saviour as Guide.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS. (Closing Song.)

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.

"Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matthew III: 2.FULL CHORUS. *cres.*

1. Childhood's days are passing o'er us, Soon our school days will be done; } O may He who meek and low - ly,
Cares and sorrows lie before us, Hidden dangers, snares unknown,
2. Hark! it is the Saviour call-ing: "Little children follow me;" } Soon we part, it may be nev - er,
Je - sus, keep our feet from falling, Teach us all to follow Thee.

cres.
cres. *rit.*

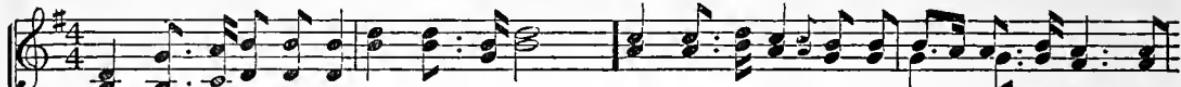
Trod Him-self this vale of woe, Make us *His*, and keep us ho-ly, Guard and guide us while we go.
Nev - er here to meet a - gain; O, to meet in heav'n for-ev - er, O the *crown of life* to gain.

MRS. EMMA PITTS.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

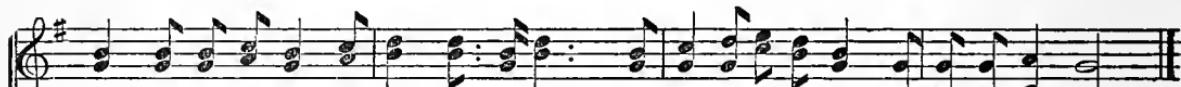
"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1st Timothy vi: 12.

Marziale.



1. List to the bu - gle call, Come, soldiers, come,
2. Je - sus, your Captain, stands front on the field;
3. Fight, ev - er trusting Him, val - iant and brave;
4. March without fal - ter - ing, sold - iers of God;

March, forward march, at the sound of the drum; With
Gird on your helmet, your sword and your shield; Be
"Je - sus the Conqueror" o'er death and the grave; Bright
Fol - low the footsteps our Sav - iour has trod; When



hearts ev - er loy - al, with hearts ev - er brave; Come, stand by your Captain so ready to save.
firm and undaunted, while fac - ing the foe For He will be with you wher-e ver you go.
an - gels will cheer you as on - ward you go,
bat - tles are ended, and arm - ors laid down, With banners still waving to conquer the foe.

In yon heav'nly mansion you'll wear a bright crown.



Chorus.



STAND BY THE GUN, SOLDIER, STAND BY THE GUN, FIGHT, BRAVELY FIGHT, TILL YOUR WARFARE IS DONE;



STAND BY THE GUN! Concluded.

61

ritard.

Soon 'twill be o - ver, and vict'ry's banner wave O'er yonder bright ha - ven, the rest for the brave!

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

IN THE VINEYARD.

B. C. UNSELD.

"And he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner."—Matt: iii. 12.

Moderato, with expression.

S:

1. Long, O Master, in thy vineyard, Thro' the dust and heat of day, I have toiled, and with my bur - den,
2. Tangled vines and faded flow - ers, Hid-den lie among my sheaves; Look'st Thou sorrowful, O Master ?
3. Gather'd I the lovely flow - ers With their dew-y fragrance sweet, Hoping that a - mid their beauty
4. Purge Thou,then, the sheaves so worthless, That I lay at Thy dear feet, So they yield Thee at the harvest

S:

D.S.—Glad to rest when evening cometh.

rit.

FINE. Chorus.

rit.

D.S.

Come I now thro' shadows gray. Toil - ing in Thy vineyard, All day long with weary feet.
 Are there nothing there but leaves.
 Thou mightst find some grains of wheat.
 On - ly fin - est of the wheat.

And the hours are cool and sweet. Toiling, toiling, toil-ing, toiling, All day long with wear-y feet.

From "FOUNT OF BLESSING," by permission.

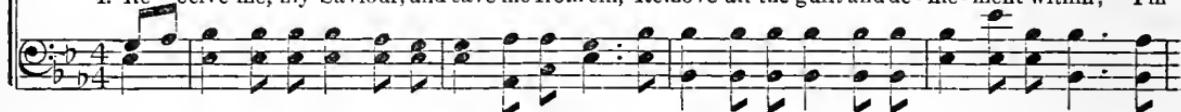
WONDERFUL LOVE!

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv: 13.

1. Tho' far I have stray'd from the fold of the Lord, Tho' oft I have slighted His Spir - it and word, Yet
 2. Tho' deep - ly my soul is pol - lit - ed by sin, Tho' I am deprav'd and un - ho - ly with-in, Yet
 3. O Lord! I am weakest of all that may come, But yet in thy bo-som of love there is room; I
 4. Re - ceive me, my Saviour, and save me from sin; Remove all the guilt and de - file - ment within; I'm



humbled, re-pent - ant, to Je - sus I flee, Knowing that His wondrous grace can save e - ven me.
 trust-ing for mer - cy I come Lord, to Thee, Knowing that Thy blood has pow'r to save e - ven me.
 know Thou wilt welcome a sin - ner to Thee; Thou hastful - ly purchas'd peace and pard-on for me.
 trust-ing a - lone for sal - va - tion in Thee; Let Thy tend-er mercy fall this moment on me.



Chorus.

rit.



Won - der - ful love, Flow - ing so free; There is grace and mercy for a sin - ner like me.



DASH DOWN THE CUP! (Temperance Song.)

63

H. TAYLOR.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

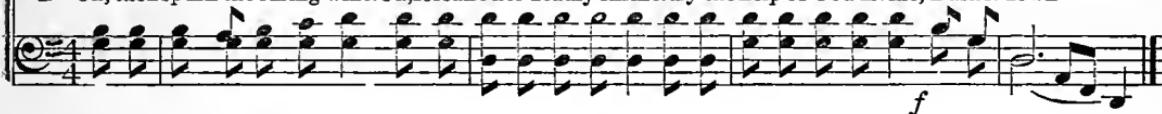
*Con espress.**"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." — PROV. xxxii: 32.*

cres.

f



1. There's an ad-der in the cup; There's a woe in ev'ry sup; Will you dare to drink it up? Dash it down!
2. There's disease in ev'ry glass; There's remorse and shame, alas! And a gulf you cannot pass; Dash it down!
3. There is sor-row in the bowl; There is thirst beyond control; There is ruin to your soul; Dash it down!
4. Oh, then spurn the luring wine! Oh, forsake her deadly shrine! By the help of God divine, Dash it down!

*Chorus, spirited.*

Dash it down, dash it down! Now's the day, and now's the hour; Dash it down, dash it down! Then no long-er creep and cow'r.



Dash it down, dash it down! Spurn the demon and his pow'r; Dash it down, dash it down, dash it down!



DARK BELOW, BUT LIGHT ABOVE.

MRS. ANNA FALES PECKHAM.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Con expressione.

Rev. xxii: 14.



1. Thro' the mists of shadows dreary, O'er the dark and stormy sea, Came a voice of heavenly mu-sic,
 2. Often when life's shadows gather Round my weary troubled soul, Comes that voice of angel sweet-ness,
 3. Soon I'll reach those golden portals, Soon I'll cross life's troubled sea, Whence that voice of music floating,

rallen - - - a tempo.

Floating thro' the gloom to me, 'Twas a voice of wond-rous sweet-ness, Bringing words of hope and love,
 Whisp'ring I am near the goal; Telling me, in softened mur - murs, Bringing words of hope and love,
 Came and whisper'd hope to me; There in heav'n's own light forever, In that sunlight of God's love,

colla voce,

rit. - - - a tempo.

DARK BELOW, BUT LIGHT ABOVE. Concluded.

65

rallentando.

Chorus.

Whisp'ring to my troubled spir - it "Dark below, but light above." "Twas a voice of wondrous sweet - ness.
 Say - ing to my doubting spir - it, "Dark below, but light above."
 Shall I find that saying truth - ful, "Dark below, but light above."

SOPRANO.

rall e dim . . .

'Twas a voice of wondrous sweet - ness.

Bringing words of hope and love; Whisp'ring to my troubled spir - it, "Dark below, but light a - bove."

Bringing words of hope and love; Whisp'ring to my troubled spir - it, "Dark below, but light a - bove."

ON MY WAY TO ZION.

"For He hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. xi: 16.

1. I am on my way to Zi - on, To the cit - y of my God; I am treading the same
 2. When I pass the gloomy val - ley, Je - sus will be there to guide; He will lead me thro' the
 3. When I reach that land im-mor-tal, When I join that ho - ly throng, With the saints and ho - ly

DUET.

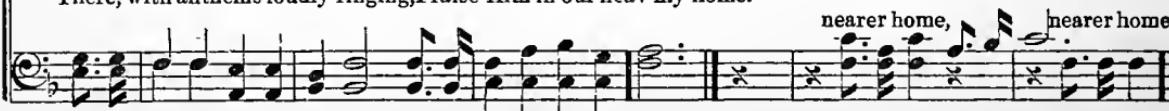
pathway That before the saints have trod; Tho' the road is rough and thorny, And temptations often come,
 darkness; He'll be ev - er at my side; He'll be with me at the riv - er, When I cross its darkest foam,
 ANGELS, We will sing our glad new song; We will sing the praise of Jesus 'Neath the spires of heav'n's high dome.

INST.

Chorus.

Yet I know at ev'ry ev'ning I am one day nearer home. Nearer home, Nearer home
 And in sweetest accents whisper, "Cheer up, soul, you're nearer home."
 There, with anthems loudly ringing, Praise Him in our heav'nly home.

nearer home, nearer home



I am one day nearer home; Yet I know, at ev'-ry evening, I am one day nearer home.
nearer home,

From "FOUNT OF BLESSING," by permission.

THE NARROW WAY. (Infant Class.)

A. J. ABBEY.

"Because straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."—Matt. vii: 14.

Moderato.

1. The way to heav'n is narrow, And its blessed entrance straight: But how safe the lit-tle pilgrims Who get with-in the gates!
2. The sunheams of the morning Make the nar-row path so fair; And these ear-ly lit-tle pilgrims Find dew-y blessings there.
3. They pass o'er rugged mountains, But they climb them with a song, For these ear-ly lit-tle pilgrims Have san-dals new and strong.
4. They know it leads to heaven, With its bright and o-pen gates, Where, for happy lit-tle pilgrims A Saviour's welcome waits.

Chorus. Not too fast.

cres.

rit.

We will take the nar-row way, We will take the nar-row way; We will fol-low Je-sus' bid-ding, And take the narrow way.

From "WHITE ROBES," by permission.

DEAR REDEEMER.

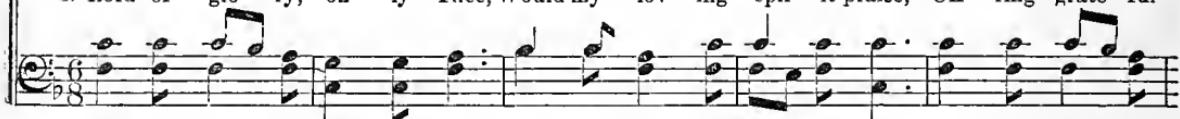
"He only is my rock and my salvation." — Psalms lxix: 2.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.



1. Dear Re - deem - er, on - ly Thee, Would my wait - ing spir - it own, Trust - ing in Thy
2. Blest Im - man - uel, on - ly Thee, Would my long - ing spir - it claim, Yearn - ing in Thy
3. Lord of glo - ry, on - ly Thee, Would my lov - ing spir - it praise, Off - 'ring grate - ful

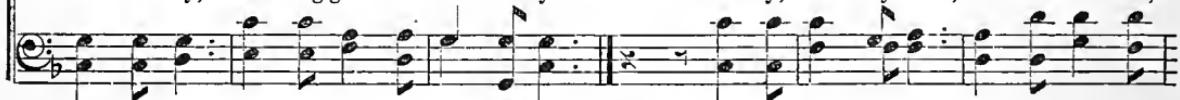


Refrain.



sym - pa-thy, Cling - ing close to Thee a - lone. On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Dear Re-deem - er,
pu - ri - ty, Glow-ing with love's quenchless flame.
mel - o - dy, Mak - ing glad im - mor - tal lays.

On - ly, on - ly Thee; Dear Re-deem - er,



rit. ad lib.



on - ly Thee; On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Dear Re - deem - er, on - ly Thee.



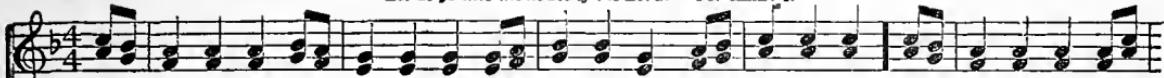
on - ly Thee; On - ly, on - ly Thee, Dear Re - deem - er, on - ly Thee.

SILVER BELLS OF EVENTIDE.

69

M. B. PECK.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. cxxii: 1.

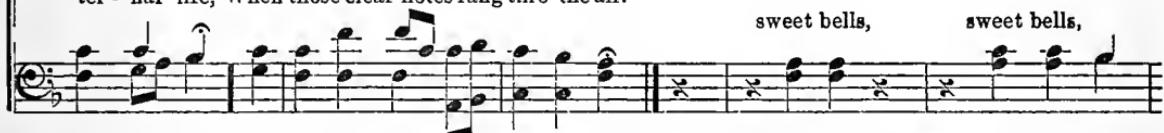
1. The sil - ver bells of e - ven-tide, How sweet their tones sound on mine ear, As, echoing from the
2. The evening call for pray'r and praise Comes pealing from those sil - ver bells, As in my childhood's
3. At close of la - bor's bu - s'y day We gathered, young and old, a-round The throne of God to
4. From earth's dull weary cares and strife, We turn'd for one sweet hour of pray'r, To learn of hope, e -



Chorus.



far hill-side, They ring mel - o - di - ous and clear! SWEET BELLS, SWEET BELLS, Thy
hap - py days, It is the same sweet note that swells.
praise and pray, When warned by that sweet sil-ver sound.
ter - nal life, When those clear notes rang thro' the air.

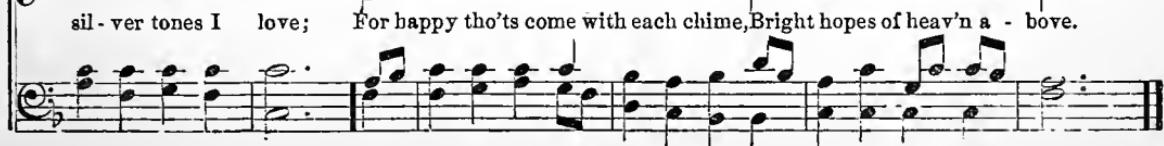


sweet bells, sweet bells,



sil - ver tones I love; For happy tho'ts come with each chime, Bright hopes of heav'n a - bove.

repeat pp.



SHIPS AT SEA.

'There go the ships.'—Psalm civ. 26.

ZONOLA.

1. Have you stood np - on the coast of the sea, of the sea, LOOKING OUT up - on THE HOST, ON THE
 2. How the ships go sail-ing round, O'er the sea, o'er the sea, Till the destin'd coast is found, O'er the
 3. Man - y are the ships at sea, In the mind, in the mind, Drifting round up - on the sea Of the
 4. Hu - man hearts are ships at sea, Drifting round, drifting round; Hearts, thy type e - ter - ni - ty, Drift-ing
 5. Oh, I love the dancing sea, With its sails, with its sails, And I gaze in ec - sta-sy On the
 Of thesea,

sea? Of the ships, which here and there, Seem like cloud - lets in the air, Yet bring
 sea; Yet, when bit - ter storms a - rise, Eye - lids droop - ing o'er the skies, Many a
 mind; Ships of LOVE, and HATE, and FEAR, Ships of SOR - row, dark and drear, Sail-ing
 round; Drift - ing, ev - er drift - ing, o'er That bright sea, whose eith - er shore Is the
 sails Of the ships which, here and there, Seem like cloud - lets in the air, Yet are

On the sea.

mod.

rit.

burthens rich and rare O'er the sea, o'er the sea; Yet bring burthens rich and rare O'er the sea, o'er the sea.
 ship dis-man-tled lies On the sea, on the sea; Many a ship dis-man-tled lies On the sea, on the sea.
 'mid the tempest sere Of the mind, of the mind; Sail-ing 'mid the tem-peст sere Of the mind, of the mind.
 land where ev-ermore Peace is found, peace is found; Is the land where ev - ermore Peace is found, peace is found.
 bringing burthens rare With their sails, with their sails; Yet are bringing burthens rare With their sails, with their sails

rit.

MY ONLY PLEA IS JESUS.

71

REV. T. C. NEAL.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." — Acts iv: 12.

1. I have no goodness of my own; My on - ly plea is Je - sus;
Thro' Him I'm saved, and Him a - lone; My on - ly plea is [omit.] .. JE - sus.
2. He is the TRUTH, the LIFE, the WAY; My on - ly plea is JE - sus;
I know I'm saved, and I can say: My on - ly plea is [omit.] .. JE - sus.
3. When in the judgment I shall stand, My on - ly plea is JE - sus;
I shall be safe at God's right hand; My on - ly plea is [omit.] .. JE - sus.
4. And ev - er - more in heav'n, with song I'll praise the bless-ed JE - sus;
While end - less a - ges roll a - long I'll praise the bless-ed [omit.] .. JE - sus.

1.	2.
----	----

Chorus.

He has re-deemed me, He now saves me; He'll ne'er forsake me I can bold - ly say;

ritard.

His Spir - it leads me; Soul food He feeds me; In Him I'm trust-ing ev' - ry day.

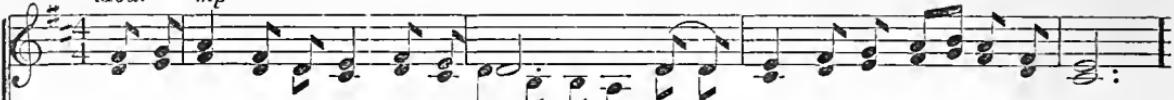
ritard.

A HOME WAITING FOR ME.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

Mod. mp

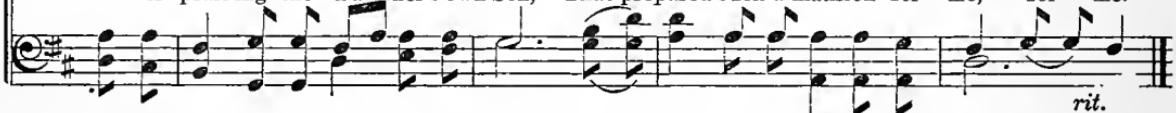


That Je - sus has gone to pre - pare;
In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home;
I shall join in the glad ju - bi - lee,



rit.

In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, o - ver there.
Where dark-ness nor night ev - er come, ev - er come.
That prepared such a mansion for me, for me.



rit.

Oh, the joys of that BEAU - TI - FUL HOME, So free from all sor - row and care!



free from all sor - row and care!

A HOME WAITING FOR ME. Concluded.

73

rit.

Tis Je - sus in-vites me to come, And dwell in that home o - ver there.
 'Tis Je - sus in-vites me, in - vites me to come, And dwell in that home o - ver there, o - ver there.

rit.

HE LIVES AGAIN! (Easter Carol.)

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."—Luke xxiv: 34.

JUDSON.

mp

1. 2. *mod.*

1. How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where once the cru-ci-fied was born, [omit] And veiled in mid-night gloom!
 2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev'ry tear For your de-part-ed Lord;
 Be-hold the place, He is not here! [omit] The tomb is all un-barr'd.
 3. How tranquil now the ris-ing day! 'Tis Je-sus still ap-pears;
 A ris-en Lord, to chase a-way [omit] Your un-be-liev-ing fears.

Oh, weep no more, the Saviour slain;

f

Oh, weep no more, the Saviour slain; The Lord is ris'n; He lives a-gain!

The gates of death were clos'd in vain; The Lord is ris'n; He lives a-gain!
 Oh, weep no more, your Comfort's slain; The Lord is ris'n; He lives a-gain!

OUR MOTHER. (Quartette and Chorus.)

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

D. F. HODGES.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psalm exvi: 15.

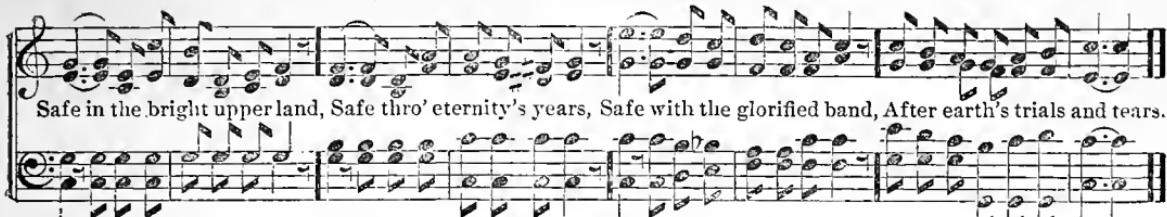
Tenderly.

1. The last night of watching is o - ver; The last words of love have been said; And safe on the bo - som of
 2. We mourn thro' the bright days of sum - mer "Mid scenes where no more she will tread; And weep when the white snows of
 3. We thank Thee, our Fa - ther in hea - ven. That at - ter this earth-life of tears, There com-eth the day without
 4. Our eyes on thy cross, dear Re - deem - er, Our feet in the safe nar - row way, We'll think of the great weight of

Je - sos, Our moth - er* has pill - low'd her head; En - fold - ed in arms ev - er - last - ing, Her
 win - ter Fall soft o'er the grave of our dead; But when the home-group of our hearth - stone Shall
 end - ing, The morn of e - ter - ni - ty's years; We thank Thee that, per - fect thro' suf - f'ring, Thy
 glo - ry. And car - ry the cross of to - day; Thy strength in our weak-ness made per - fect, Bear

weakness and pains all are past; The pearl gates of God's up - per cit - y In tri-nomph she's enter'd at last.
 kneel at the calm hour of pray'r, The beau - ti - ful soul of our moth - er Shall meet with her darling ones there,
 lov'd and Thy ransom'd shall stand, And sing the new song all to - geth - er, With Thee in the bright up-er land.
 us as on wings to the sky, Where hopes that we cherish ne'er fail us, And those that we love can-not die.

* By substituting the words FATHER, BROTHER, SISTER, and HIS, it can be used for other occasions.



Safe in the bright upper land, Safe thro' eternity's years, Safe with the glorified band, After earth's trials and tears.

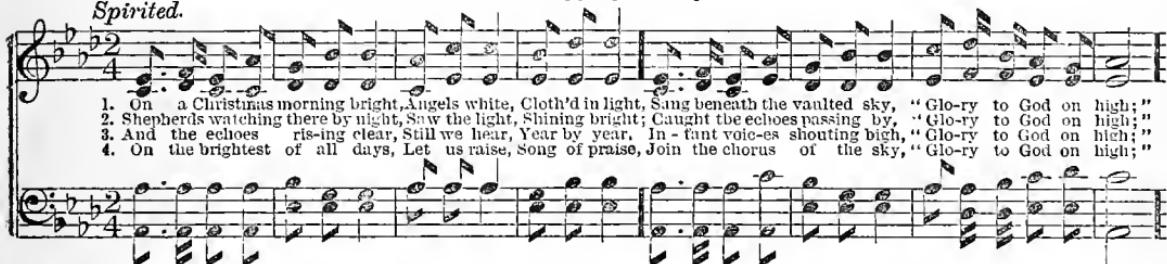
Safe, safe in the bright upper land, Safe, safe thro' e-ter-ni-ty's years, Safe, safe, with the glorified band, Af-ter earth's trial's and tears.
From "SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS," by permission.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

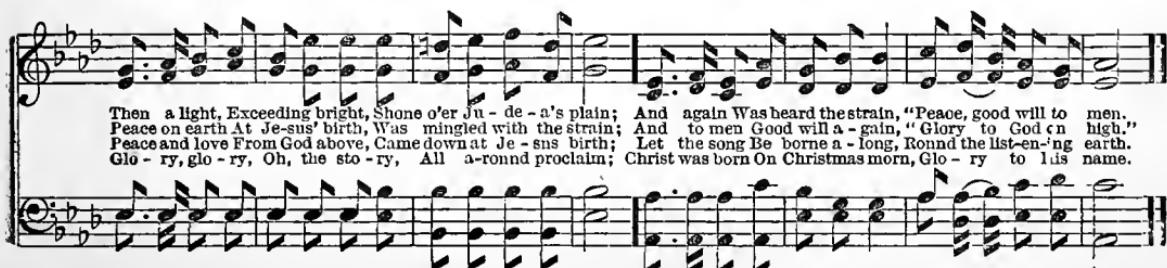
A. J. ABBEY.

Spirited.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings."—Luke ii: 10.



1. On a Christmas morning bright, Angels white, Cloth'd in light, Sang beneath the vaulted sky, "Glo-ry to God on high;"
2. Shepherds watching there by night, Saw the light, Shining bright; Caught the echoes passing by, "Glo-ry to God on high;"
3. And the echoes ris-ing clear, Still we hear, Year by year, In - fant voic-es shouting bigh, "Glo-ry to God on high;"
4. On the brightest of all days, Let us raise, Song of praise, Join the chorus of the sky, "Glo-ry to God on high;"



Then a light, Exceeding bright, Shone o'er Ju - de - a's plain; And again Was heard the strain, "Peace, good will to men,
Peace on earth At Je-sus' birth, Was mingled with the strain; And to men Good will a - gain, "Glory to God on high,"
Peace and love From God above, Came down at Je - sus birth; Let the song Be borne a - long, Ronnd the list-en-ing earth.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Oh, the sto - ry, All a-round proclaim; Christ was born On Christmas morn, Glo - ry to his name.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

"He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves," etc.—Psalm cxxvi: 6.

S. J. MUNGER.

1. Oh, toil-er in the vineyard, Faint not, for thou shalt reap; Most precious seed thou bear-est; Then
 2. The day of vine-yard la - bor But brief may prove to be; A wondrous "weight of glo - ry" Lies
 3. A crown of glo - ry circles A · und each saint-ly brow, And vic-tor palms are wav - ing,—I

wherefore dost thou weep? For thou with joy re-turning, Doubtless shall come a - gain, Bear -
 in re-serve for thee; Thine ear - ly friends a - wait thee; Think of the bliss in share! If
 seem to see them now. Oh, who would i - dly lin - ger, Or from the vine - yard stay, With

Chorus.

ing thy sheaves in triumph; Thy toil is not in vain.
 thou would'st join their number, For Je - sus DO and DARE.
 such a prize be-fore him! Let all "Go work to - day."

Go work, Go work, . . . Go

Go work, Go work,

Go work,

GO WORK TO-DAY. Concluded.

77

work in the vineyard to - day; With such a prize he - fore him, Let all "Go work to - day."

COMING TO THE CROSS.

H. B. DISNEY.

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Mark viii: 34.

J. F. DISNEY.

S:

1. We are marching onward, upward, We are trav'ling toward the prize; And if Je - sus is our
 2. We will wash our robes, and make them Pure and spotless as the throne, So that when we reach that
 3. We will drink the liv - ing wa - ter; We will lie in pastures green; We will live, to live here -

S:
 D.S.—And we'll ev - er live for

Chorus.

FINE.

D.S.

watchword, We will reach the upper skies. We are com - ing, blessed Saviour, To the con-se-cra - ted cross;
 ha - ven, We shall know as we are known.
 af-ter, When we reach the great unseen.

D.S.

Je-sus, Counting all things else as loss.

From "FOUNT OF BLESSING," by permission.

LITTLE ALLIE.* (Funeral Song.)

E. A. BARNES

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."—Colossians iii: 2.

A. J. ABBEY.

Mod. mp



1. Once we had a household treasure, Lit - tle Al - lie, fair and mild; And our love in full, sweet
 2. Al - lie's life, so frail and ten-der, Fad - ed with the fall - ing leaves; And our hearts were made to
 3. Thus we lost our household treasure, Who so ear - ly pass'd a - way; Thus did grief in full, sad



DUET. mf

mf



measure, Center'd in our darling child; Al - lie grew each day the dear-er, As his hap - py life went on;
 render Tribute to the fate that grieves; 'Mid the days in late Septem - ber, Sad and sweet with autumn blight,
 measure, Come to us that autumn day; Thus were ties so SWEET AND TENDER, Broken 'neath the heavy rod;



CHORUS.

mp

ritard.

Refrain.



Till the an - gels coming nearer, Seem'd to call and he was gone; He was gone, He was
 'Mid the grief we still re-mem-ber, Al - lie's spir - it took its flight; He is gone, He is
 Thus did we, in tears sur-ren-der Lit - tle Al - lie back to God; He is gone, He is



* Use as a duet and chorus if you wish.

LITTLE ALLIE. Concluded.

79

cres.

ritard.

He was gone, gone; Till the an - gels com-ing near - er, Seem'd to call and he was gone. gone; 'Mid the grief we still re-mem-ber, Al - lie's spir - it took its flight. gone; Thus did we in grief sur - ren - der Lit - tie Al - lie back to God.

HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM!

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

"We love him because he first loved us."—1st John iv: 19.

Mod.

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so gracious I've found Him to be.
2. So pa-tient, so kindly Tow'r'd all of my ways; I blun - der so blindly, He love still re-pays.
3. Of all friends, the fairest And tru - est is He; His love is the rar-est That ev - er can be.
4. His beau-ty, the'bleeding And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-ceed-ing; For grief Him adorns.

Refrain.

rit.

How can I BUT LOVE HIM, BUT LOVE HIM, BUT LOVE HIM? There's no friend above HIM, Poor sinner, for thee.

rit.

F. M. D.

"The Sabbath is a delight."—Isa. lviii: 13.

F. M. DAVIS.

Joyous. *mf*

val - ley, o'er the plain; Call - ing us from work or play, On each bless - ed Sab-bath day, In the
 time for pray'r and song; And from hill - side and from plain We shall hear the glad re-frain, Ev - er
 Je - sus does it bring; It re-minds us of his care, Guarding us from ev -'ry snare; Then why

Chorus.

mf

sum - mer sun - shine or the au - tumn rain. Oh, we love to hear the sweetly chim - ing
 keep the right, and nev - er do a wrong.
 should we not his sweet - est prais - es sing?

bell; Oh, we love to hear the sweet-ly chim-ing bell, On each
chim-ing bell,
chim-ing bell,

blessed Sab-bath day, It is call-ing us a-way; To the Sab-bath school we love so well.

Mod.

WHAT IS BEST. (Chant.)

E. A. BARNES.

"O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches."—Psalm civ: 24.
mp cres. and dim. rit.

As we tarry here below ? God will send each blessing down, From whose love they freely flow.

- What is best that we should have,
 - What is best that we should do,
 - What is best that we should see,
 - What is best, yes, what is best,
- In our du - ty's urgent call ? God will send, and with the same, Strength and zeal to do it all.
- Both of tri - al and of grief ? God will send, and in His love We can find a sweet re - lief.
- God will not neglect to send ; This is all that we can do, Trust Him ev - er to the end.

In our du - ty's urgent call ? God will send, and with the same, Strength and zeal to do it all.

ARE YOU WEARY, SISTER, BROTHER?

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. 4: 16

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Are you wea - ry, sis - ter, bro - ther? Burden'd with a weight of care? Go to Je - sus with thy
 2. Art you wea - ry-with the la - bor, Dai - ly thou art call'd to bear? Go un - to the lov-ing
 3. All ye wea - ry, heavy lad - en, Take your bur - dens, toil, and care, Un - to CHRIST, the pitying

Chorus.

sorrow; Thou shalt find a sol - ace there.
 Saviour, He will all your la - bor share.
 Saviour, Thou shalt find sweet comfort there.

Go in pray'r, Go in pray'r, He will

Go in pray'r, go in pray'r,

all thy sor-rows bear; Go to Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou shalt find sweet comfort there.

ONLY REMEMBERED.*

83

DR. BONAR.

A. J. ABBEY.

"But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done."—*Colossians iii: 25.*

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morn-ing Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun;
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er suc-ceed me, Reap-ing the fields I in spring-time have sown?
 3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo - ken; On - ly the seed that on earth I have sown;
 4. Oh, when the Sav-iour shall make up His jew - els; When the bright crowns of re - joic - ing are won;

Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing; On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
 No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bora, On - ly re-mem-bered by what he has done.
 These shall pass on - ward when I am for - got - ten; Fruits of the har - vest, and what I have done.
 Then will His faith - ful and wea - ry dis - ci - ples All he re-mem-bered for what they have done.

Refrain.

On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done; On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what he has done; On - ly remembered by what he has done.
 On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered for what they have done; On - ly remembered for what they have done.

* Use 1st Chorus words for 1st and 3rd Verses.

ONLY A SERVANT

Words and Music by J. F. HALL.

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—Matthew vi: 20.

1. Tho' I'm but a servant, with CHRIST for my MASTER, No la - bor is irk - some, no task is severe,
 2. Tho' I'm but a servant, I've boun - ti - ful wages; 'Tis not paid in div - i-dends of sil - ver or gold;
 3. Tho' I'm but a servant, My Mas - ter has riches; While fav - ish in giv - ing he al - ways has more;
 4. Tho' I'm but a servant, and rich - es I have not, And treasures of earth I have none laid in store;

He ev - er is near me; His smile scatters sadness; His face beams with sunshine; His voice fills with cheer.
 But sweet peace of conscience, With joy all unmeasur'd, And love so o'erwhelming, are wa - ges un-told.
 If some are so vile, so filth - y and rag - ged, He nev - er turns an - y a - way from the door.
 But still I'm an heir to the glo - ries of heaven; There, there are my treasures, which last ev-er-more.

Chorus.

I'm on - ly a ser-vant, I'm on - ly a servant; With CHRIST for my MASTER, Oh, how happy am I!

ONLY A SERVANT. Concluded.

85

I'm on - ly a ser-vant, Just sim-ply a servant, But mansions of glo - ry A - wait me on high.
 2 But bles-sings unnum-bered A - wait me on high.
 3 But rich - es and glo - ry A - wait me on high.
 4 But crowns of re - joic - ing A - wait me on high.

LOVINGLY, GENTLY BEAR HER TO REST. (Funeral Song.)

MRS. K. S. BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

Tenderly.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—Colossians iii: 2.

1. Lov - ing - ly, gent - ly, Bear her to rest; Sweet are the blos - soms On her young breast;
2. Brightly a - bove us, Cleaving the sky, Soars the sweet spir - it, Healthful and fair;
3. Je - sus! Re - deem-er! Quicken our faith; Save us from faint - ing In life's rough path;

Like her they with-er'd, Fad - ing a - way; Mourn - ful - ly, sad - ly, Meet we to - day.
 An - gels at - tend her; Up - ward they fly; Man - sions of beau - ty Wait them on high.
 When life is o - ver, Take us to rest, Hap - py for - ev - er, Saved with the blest.

GOING HOME!

EDEN R. LATTA.

A. JUDSON ABBEY. By per.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life."—Rev. xxii: 14.

Gently.

1. If our hearts are free from sin, And we tread the narrow way, Je - sus smiles upon the path, And we're
 2. In each dark and troubled hour We may hear the Saviour say: "Do not fear, and do not sigh, Ye are
 3. Sinless children, ev'-ry-where, Children who the Lord o - bey, Are es - cap-ing earthly ills; They are

CHORUS.

SOLI.

go - ing home to - day. Ev - ry hour we draw more near, To our jour - ney's bliss - ful end, Where our
 go - ing home to - day." If we do His blest commands, And His pro - mis - es be - lieve, With the
 go - ing home to - day. They are chanting prais - es glad, At the bless - ed Lord's right hand; And if

Chorus.

Animated.

songs of JOY and PRAISE Shall with heav'n's own music blend. Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing

white-robed throng a - bove, We shall CROWNS OF LIFE receive.
 we shall faith-ful prove, We with them at last shall stand.

Going home, Going home,

GOING HOME. Concluded.

87

cres.

home, ne-ver more to stray; Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home, GO-ING HOME TO-DAY.
 Go-ing home, GO-ING HOME TO-DAY.

Going home, never more to stray; Go-ing home, GO-ING HOME TO-DAY.

HOLY BIBLE.

E. W. KELLOGG.

In exact time.

"*O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.*"—Psalm cxix: 97.

1. Ho-ly Bi - ble, book di-vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine ; Mine to tell me whence I came ;
 2. Mine to comfort in distress, If the Ho-ly Spir-it bless ; Mine to show by liv-ing faith,

D.S.—Mine thou art to guide and guard ;
 Oh, then Ho-ly book di-vine,

D.S.

FINE.

Mine to tell me what I am ; Mine to chide me when I rove ; Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
 Man can tri - umph ov-er death ; Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin-ner's doom ;

D.S.

Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Precious treasure thou art mine !

COME INTO THE FOLD. (Duet and Refrain.)

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

A. J. ABBEY.

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."—John x: 9.

1. Ye like lost sheep that have wander'd a - stray,
2. Long you have stray'd from the fold of his care,
3. Why will you roam from His kindness and love?
4. Lin - ger no lon - ger, but haste to your home;

INST.

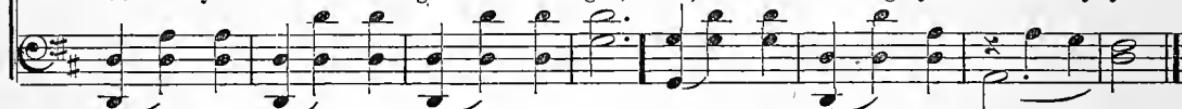
Why are you roaming for - ev - er a - way?
Out in the world where there's many a snare;
Thorns at your feet and the shadows a - bove;
There is a welcome when-ev - er you come;



rit.



Je - sus, your Shepherd,your com - ing doth wait; Haste to the Saviour ere it be too late.
Je - sus has look'd for you ma - ny a day, Find - ing you not, for you wander'd a - way.
Come to FRESH PASTURES, that wait - ing for thee, Plen - te - ous are as the sands of the sea.
Je - sus your sins will for - give and for - get; Come, He is call - ing you ten - der - ly yet.

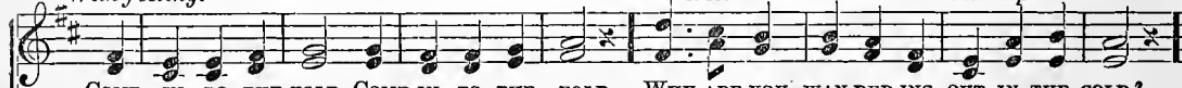


Refrain.

With feeling.

cres.

rit. mp



COME IN - TO THE FOLD, COME IN - TO THE FOLD, WHY ARE YOU WAN - DER - ING OUT IN THE COLD?



cres.

rit. mp

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by permission.

rit.

Je-sus the Shepherd whose love is un - told Waits for your coming; come in - to the fold.

rit.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

"CHRISTIAN STANDARD."

M. J. MUNGER.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psalm xxxvii: 3.

1. Pilgrim bound Zi-on-ward, Tempted and tried, Cast your cares on the Lord, Whate'er be - tide;
 2. If you shall troubles meet, Too great to bear, Take them to Je-sus feet, Lay them down there.
 3. Tho' you may be in want, He can sup-ply; And you shall nev-er faint While He is nigh;

ritard.

Tho' full of mal-ice keen, Sa-tan your foe has been, While on your God you lean, He will pro-vide.
 Ask him to bear them then; Take them not up a-gain; Je-sus will an-swer when, Called on in prayer.
 Long as your faith re-lies, Fix'd on the pro-mis-es, Lift up your cheerful eyes; Bright is yours sky.

* Use the small notes for 1st verse.

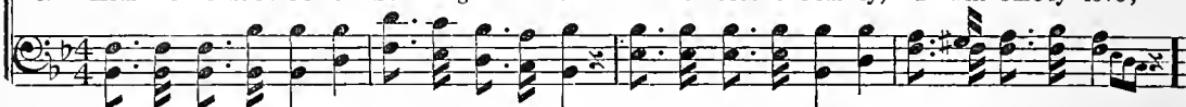
90 WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING. (Infant Class Song.)

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN.

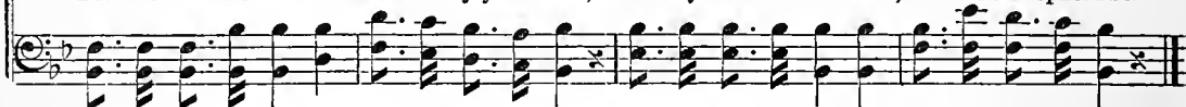
R. M. MCINTOSH.

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."—Proverbs viii: 17.

1. When the flow'rs are springing, When the roses bloom, When the air is fragrant With a rich perfume
2. In the joy-ous springtime, In the op'ning year, When like buds of promise, Lit - tle ones ap - pear,
3. Hear the words of Je - sus Sounding from a-bove: "Them that seek Me ear-ly, I will surely love;



In life's dew - y morn-ing, Hear the Saviour say: "Come to me, ye children, Seek my face to-day." When you're young and tender, With your lit-tle voice Praise to Je - sus ren-der; In His smile re-joice. Let the lit - tle children Come with joy to Me; In My arms I'll take them, And their Shepherd be."



Chorus.



EAR - LY COME TO ME, EAR - LY COME TO ME, COME YE LITTLE CHILDREN, EAR-LY COME TO ME.



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LAMPS TRIMM'D AND BURNING.

81

EDEN R. LATTA.

"Watch therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matthew xxv: 13.

FRANZ.

Gemtly.

1. As the com-ing of the Bridegroom At the midnight's solemn hour, So may be our call to
 2. Be not like the fool-ish vir-gins, Who, because the Bridegroom stay'd, Slept and slumber'd all un-
 3. Then the wise with oil pro-vid-ed, And their lamps with light a-glow, When'twas said the Bridegroom
 4. Then the fool-ish vir-gins vain-ly, Emp-tty lamps to light did try; And the door was siut a-
 5. Let us like the wise be read-y; For the hour we may not know, When the Lord may come to

Chorus.

judgment, Summon'd by al-might-y pow'r! Let your lamps be trimm'd and burning, Trimm'd and
 heed-ing. And no prep-ar-a-tion made.
 com-eth, Out to wel-come Him did go.
 gainst them, While their oil they went to buy.
 call us To a place of joy or woe.

Mod.

burning, Trimm'd and burning; Let your lamps be trimm'd and burning, When the Bridegroom shall ap-pear.

DR. BONAR.

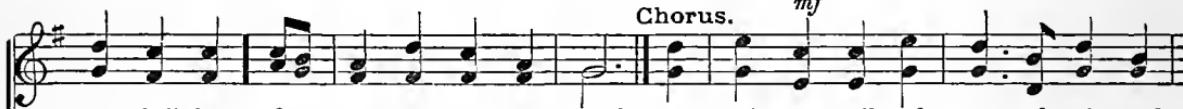
JUDSONS.

*"And white robes were given unto every one of them." — Revelations vi: 11.**Spirited.*

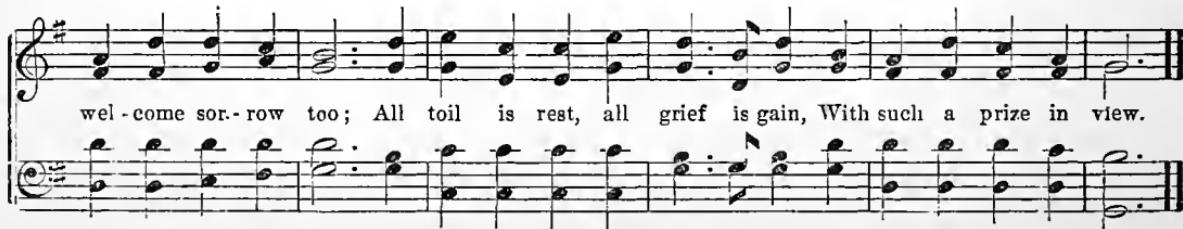
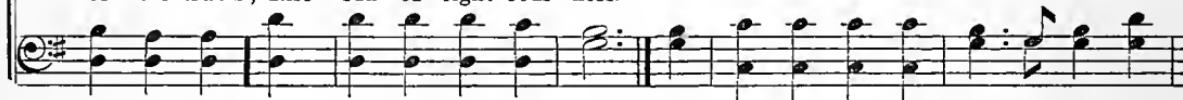
1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all the saints are crown'd; These are the palms that
2. These are the robes un - soil'd and white, Which there we shall put on, When foremost'mong the
3. Come, crown and throne, and robe and palm, Burst forth glad streams of peace; Come, ho - ly eit - y



Chorus.

mf

we shall bear, On yon - der ho - ly ground. Then wel - come toil, and care, and pain, And
sons of light, We sit on yon - der throne.
of the Lamb; Rise sun of right-eous - ness.



wel - come sor - row too; All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

LAMB OF GOD, THE CRUCIFIED.

93

A. HOFFMANN.

W. H. BURGETT

"And they crucified him." —Matthew xxvii: 35.

Mod.

Refrain.

rude a-larm; Hide my soul se-cure-ly there, Safe from every e - vil snare. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me,
narrow way; Keep my heart's affections pure, Let me to the end endure.
per-fect rest; Out of Thee I find no peace; In Thy love a - lone is bliss.
make me whole; Keep me in Thy love al-way, Lord for this I humbly pray.

Let me hide my - self in Thee; Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

From "SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS," by permission.

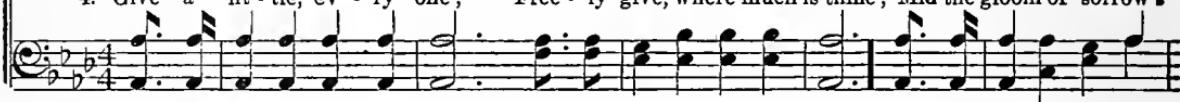
EDEN R. LATTA.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature."—Mark xvi: 15.

A. J. ABBEY.

Allegretto.

1. See the heathen o'er the sea, To their i - dols bending low; Thither with its pow'r di -
2. They have never, nev - er heard Of that bet-ter home a - bove; Let them hear the sto - ry
3. As we hear it, o'er and o'er, How our hearts with gladness swell! Speed it to the farthest
4. Give a lit - tle, ev - 'ry one; Free - ly give, where much is thine; 'Mid the gloom of sorrow's



Chorus.



vine, Let the bless - ed gos - pel go! Speed it on, speed it on, Speed it on, speed it on; Let sal - told, Of the Sav - iour's dy - ing love!
shore, Where the wretched heathen dwell!
night Let the bless - ed gos - pel shine!

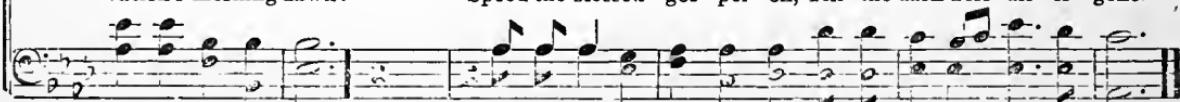


Speed the bless - - - ed speed it on, speed it on,
gos - pel on.

*cres.**mf**cres.**rit.*

vation's morning dawn!

Speed the blessed gos - pel on, Till the dark-ness all is gone.



WELCOME TO ALL.

95

MRS. KATE S. BURR.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Psalm cxx.

1. With sing-ing we wel-come the bright Sabbath day; Come to the Sun - day school, To the house of the Lord we will
 2. While ma - ny are stray-ing in path-ways of sin, Come to the Sun - day school, A crown in bright glo-ry we're
 3. The word of the Lord is the Rock of the Truth, Here in our Sun - day school, The com-fort of age and the
 4. O spir-it di - vine, be our teach-er and guide! Here in our Sun - day school, So gen-tle and ho - ly still

hast - en a - way; Come to the Sun - day school. Our teach-ers and schoolmates we glad - ly will greet,
 striv - ing to win; Come to the Sun - day school. Re - peat-ing, be - liev-ing, we ear - nest - ly pray,
 light of our youth, Here in our Sun - day school. While learn - ing its pre - cepts and prom-is - es too,
 with us a - blide, Here in our Sun - day school. And dead to the world, but a - live un - to thee,

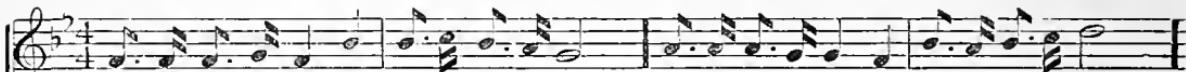
cres - cen - do.

Our Saviour and Shepherd our com - ing will greet. Wel-come to all, wel-come to all, Come to the Sun-day school.
 Dear Saviour and Shepherd, come bless us to-day. Wel-come to all, wel-come to all, Come to the Sun-day school.
 Dear Saviour and Shepherd, our na-tures re-new. Wel-come to all, wel-come to all, Come to the Sun-day school.
 Dear Saviour and Shepherd, from sin set us free. Wel-come to all, wel-come to all, Come to the Sun-day school.

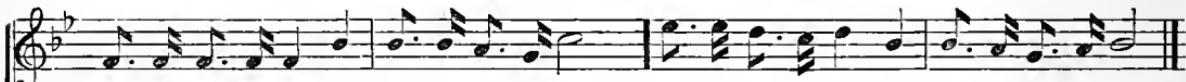
From "WHITE ROBES," by permission.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

"Then ne arose and rebuked the wind, and there was a calm."—Luke viii: 24.

1. Sail - ing o'er life's ocean, Whero the storms prevail, Tho' the good ship weathers Every passing gale,
2. Skies of blue a - bove you, May seem bright and fair; Softest breezes blowing, Round your pathway there;
3. In the night and darkness You may lose the way, And the lights you trusted Send no guiding ray;



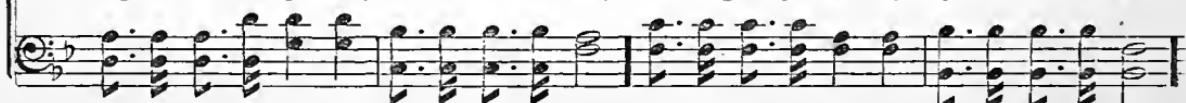
There are rocks and dangers All a - long the shore; Bars and reefs, and breakers Near you ev - er - more.
 Soon you on the bil - lows May be tem-pest-toss'd; And he-fore the morning Wreck'd and ev-er lost.
 Do not grow discouraged, Tho' the waves o'erwhelm; Thro' the rag - ing tem-pest Cling un - to the helm.



Chorus.



Sig - nal for a pi - lot; Hail Him from a - far; He will guide you safe - ly By each reef and bar;



From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission.

SIGNAL FOR A PILOT. Concluded.

97

cres. mod.

He will come to help you, Ere it be too late; Sig - nal for a pi - lot, Je - sus will a - wait.

LITTLE PILGRIM. (Infant Class Song.)

ABBEY.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." —Matthew xviii: 3.

Gently.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleasant, Sin is al - ways near;
2. But a lit - tle pil - grim Must have garments clean, If he'd wear the white robes, And with Christ be seen.

- There's a bet-ter coun-try, Where there is no sin; Where the tones of sor - row Nev - er en - ter in.
Jesus, cleanse and save me; Teach me to o - bey; Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me On my heav'nly way.

- 1 When o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth
Sweetly, "God is there."
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written
"Nature's God is there."

- 2 In the Sabbath school room,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us "God is there;"
Kindly teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansion,
Saying, "God is there."

- 3 Let us learn these lessons,
Taught us everywhere,
And if sin assails us,
Think that "God is there;"
There at last with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

COME AND LABOR. (Opening Song.)

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."—Luke x: 2d.

1. Come and la-bor for the Mas - ter; Hear the earnest call to - day; { Fields are whitening for the har-vest; [OMIT.] Heed the summons and obey;
 2. Those who early seek the Mas - ter Love Him longest; could we ask Recompense more sweet and precious, [OMIT.] For a long, a life-long task;
 3. Fast the gold-en hours are pass-ing; Pass-ing swift-ly one by one; Mes - senders which God is send-ing [OMIT.] Each with duties to be done;

Come while life is young and ear - nest, Come while hearts are warm and true; Wake! the Master calls you
Let us con - se-crate our life - time Late and ear - ly to the Lord ; Guid - ed in the path of
Lit - tle deeds of lov - ing ser - vice, Words of hope and courage giv'n, In the name of our dear

Chorus.

ear - ly, There is work for all to do.
du - ty, By His ev - er blessed word.
Mas - ter, Find their recompense in heav'n.

Follow in His footsteps ho - ly, Mark the way in which He

COME AND LABOR. Concluded.

99

cres.

trod; For that path, tho' it he to - ly, leads us dai - ly near - er God.

mo.

COME DEAR SAVIOUR. (Infant Class Song.)

T. L. BAILY.

Slowly.

H. F. ALBERT.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1st Peter v: 7.

1. Come dear Saviour with Thy blessing, Tune each heart to sing thy praise;
 2. Grant each loving heart be-fore Thee May re-ceive Thy tend'rest care;
 3. As our teach-ers tell the sto - ry Of the ho - ly Saviour's love,

Oh, may we, Thy love pos-sess-ing, To Thy throne our
 In Thy house we would a-dore Thee, And thy blessings
 Let us feel Thy heav'nly glo - ry Beaming on us

Refrain.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

I. ALL.

¶ 2.

voi-ces raise; :: Sav-iour hear us, Sav - iour hear us, Hear our songs of infant praise, :: Hear our songs of in-fant praise.
 we would share. :: Sav-iour list-en, Sav - iour listen, List - en to our infant pray'r, :: List-en to our in-fant prayer.
 from a - bove. :: Sav-iour give us, Sav - iour give us To - kens of re - deem-ing love, :: To - kens of re - deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

From "SONGS OF BIBLE," by per.

THE GYPSY BOY.

R. M. MCINTOSH. By per.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gypsy tent; bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me before."

*Moderato, andante.**mf* - - -

1. In - to the tent where a "gyp-sy boy" lay
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy;
 3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath,
 4. Smiling he said, as his last sigh was spent,
- Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
Just as he en-ter'd the val - ley of death;
"I am so glad that for me He was sent!"

"News of sal - va - tion we carried," said he,
Need I not per - ish, my hand will He hold,
"God sent His Son, 'Who-so - ev - er,' said He,
Whisper'd while low sank the sun in the west,

"No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!
Then I am sure that He sent Him for me."
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest."

D.S.—Till none can say, of the children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it be - fore."

*Refrain.**mf**cres.* - - -*D.S.*

Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain, Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er.

D.S.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

LITTLE LAMBS. (Infant Class Song.)

101

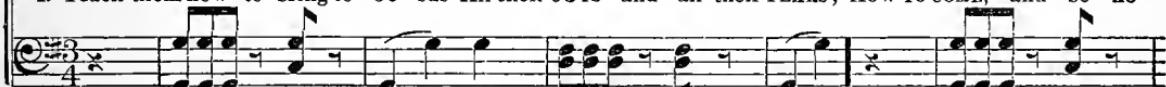
"Jesus saith unto him, Feed my lambs." John xxi: 15.

M. J. MUNGER.

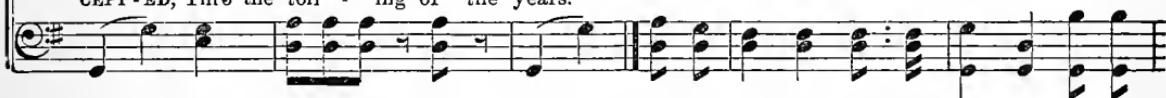
Mod. DUET.



1. Bring the lit - tle lambs to JE-SUS; Gar-ner in the pre-cious sheaves; Teach to them the words of
2. Teach them how to serve the MASTER, As they jour - ney thro' this life; How to shield themselves from
3. Teach them how to ask of Je-sus Strength to help when woe a-bounds; That they find in time of
4. Teach them how to bring to Je-sus All their JOYS and all their FEARS; How to COME, and be AC -

Chorus. *mp*

pro - mise Found up - on the sacred leaves. THAT THEY TRUST HIM, FUL - LY TRUST HIM, SWEETLY
 sin - ning 'Mid TEMP - TA - TION, WOE, AND STRIFE.
 tri - al, What they need in CHRIST is found.
 CEPT - ED, Thro' the toil - ing of the years.



TRUST HIM IN THEIR YOUTH; TRUST HIM GLADLY, TRUST HIM FULLY, TRUST HIM SWEET-LY IN THEIR YOUTH.



ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke xii: 40.

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down; For my-self and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down;
2. I must overcome my wrath, Ere the sun goes down; I must walk the heav'nly path Ere the sun goes down;
3. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard Ere the sun goes down;
4. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's command I must o-beay Ere the sun goes down;

Eve - ry i - dle whisper stilling With a purpose firm and will-ing, All my dai - ly task ful-fill - ing, Ere the
 For it may be death is wending Hither, with the night descending, And my life will have an ending Ere the
 Eve - ry cry of pit - y heed-ing, For the injured in - ter-ced - ing, To the light the lost ones leading,Ere the
 There are sins that need confessing,There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing Ere the

Chorus. *Not too fast.*

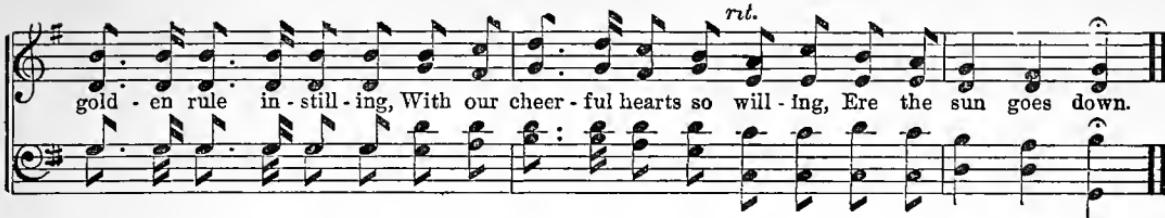
sun goes down. I must la-bor
 sun goes down.
 sun goes down.
 sun goes down.

For my neighbor,

Eve-ry duty now ful-fill-ing, And the

I must labor . . . For my neighbor, Eve-ry duty now ful-fill-ing, And the

From "WHITE ROBES," by permission.



gold - en rule in - still - ing, With our cheer - ful hearts so will - ing, Ere the sun goes down.

LEAVING US BEHIND. (For Funerals.)

E. R. LATTA.

Gently. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt."—Matt. vi. 20.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Friends we love are pass-ing o - ver, Gen - tle hearts, so good and kind; Pass - ing to the
2. Earth is but a scene of part - ing; Strongest ties must here un - bind; Young and old are
3. They are bid - ding us to fol - low, Ev - er - last - ing joys to find; They are on - ly
4. Leav - ing us a - while to la - bor, As the bless - ed Lord de-signed; They are fill - ing
5. We shall soon be pass - ing o - ver, Soon with them in heav'n be join'd; They are to the



Very slow.

rest e - ter - nal; They are leav - ing us be-hind, Leav - ing us be - hind.
 pass - ing o - ver; They are leav - ing us be-hind, Leav - ing us be - hind.
 gone be - fore us; They are leav - ing us be-hind, Leav - ing us be - hind.
 up the man-sions; They are leav - ing us be-hind, Leav - ing us be - hind.
 front ad - vanc - ing; They are leav - ing us be-hind, Leav - ing us be - hind.



HOW READEST THOU?

NETTIE A. BARNARD.

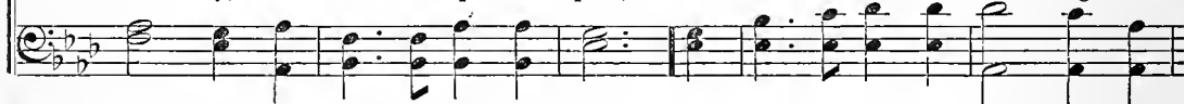
W. A. OGDEN.

"He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?" —Luke x: 26.

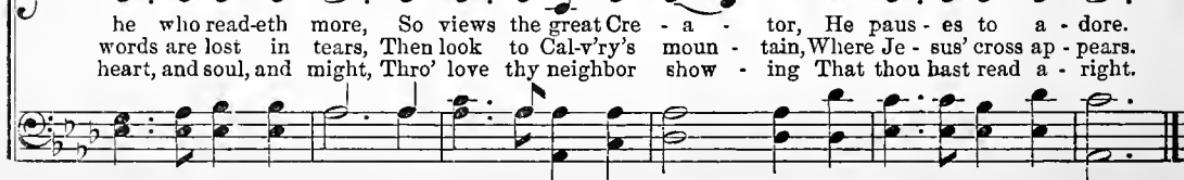
1. How read - est thou the pag - es Of na - ture's book sub - lime; Whose mys - ter - ies from
 2. How read - est thou the sto - ry Which men oft hear un-mov'd, Canst un - der-stand the
 3. How read - est thou thy du - ty To God and fel - low - man? Nofea - ture mars the

*cres.*

sag - es Have been con-ceal'd thro' time? They mark her chap - ter head - ings, But
 glo - ry, Where "God the world so lov'd"? Turn back and read it o - ver, Till
 beau - ty, Of God's all per - fect plan; In na - ture view Him lov - ing With



he who read-eth more, So views the great Cre - a - tor, He paus - es to a - dore.
 words are lost in tears, Then look to Cal-vry's moun - tain, Where Je - sus' cross ap - pears.
 heart, and soul, and might, Thro' love thy neighbor show - ing That thou hast read a - right.



HOW READEST THOU? Concluded.

105

Chorus.

How read - est thou the sto - ry, The sto - ry of His love Who reigns the King of Glo - ry, And rules the world a-bove ?

BLESSED SABBATH.

MRS. K. S. BURR.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv: 9.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Blessed Sabbath, bright and fair, Day of peace and pleasure, Bringing blessings rich and rare, Nev-er-fail-ing treas - ure.
2. Here with happy hearts we meet, Leaving care and sad-ness, In this lov'd and safe retreat, Bringing joy and glad-ness.
3. Bright, e-ter-nal Sabbath reigns Just beyond the riv - er, There a blessed rest remains For the good FOR - EV - EE.

Refrain.

HO - LY SAB - BATH, EV - ER STILL RE - TURN - ING; WEL-COME, WEL - COME, BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

WANDERING HOME.

E. A. BARNES.

A. J. ABBEY.

"Be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.—2nd Peter iii: 10-13.

1. We are wand - er-ing home as time glid-eth by, And weaveth its garland of years,
 2. We are wand - er-ing home by the same old way Our fa - thers he - fore us have trod,
 3. We are wand - er-ing home o'er a storm - y plain, Re-plete with temp-ta - tion and sin,
 4. We are wand - er-ing home, yes, wand - er-ing home, But soon we shall wan-der no more,

To a beau - ti - ful home, and bet - ter, by far, Than the one in this valley of tears.
 To the sha - dow of death, and the cit - y beyond, The glo - ri - ous cit - y of God.
 To a beau - ti - ful fold, where Je - sus a-waits To welcome each wan-derer in.
 And oh, may we meet each oth - er at last At home on the heav-en - ly shore!

Chorus with emotion.

emphatic.

WAND - ER - ING HOME, . . .

WAND - ER - ING HOME, . . .

Soon we shall wander no more.

Wandering home,

Wandering home,

From "SONGS OF THE BIBLE," by permission.

WANDERING HOME. Concluded.

107

ritard.

cres.

And oh, may we meet each oth - er at last, At home on the hea - ven - ly shore.

GOD OF THE WEARY. (Chant.)

M. J. MUNGER.

"GOOD WORDS."

1. The little birds now seek their rest; The babe sleeps on its moth - er'e breast;
 2. The sailor prayeth on the sea; The little ones at moth - er's knee;
 3. The orphan puts away his fears; The troubled hopee for hap - pier years;
 4. Thou sendest rest to tired feet, To little toilless slum - ber sweet;
 5. In grief, perplexity, or pain, None ever come to Thee in vain;
 6. We sleep, that we may wake renewed, To serve Thee as Thy chill - dren shou'd;

Thou givest all Thy chill - dren rest, God of the wea - ry.
 Now comes the peni - tent to Thee, God of the wea - ry.
 Thou driest all the mourn - ers' tears, God of the wea - ry.
 To aching hearts re - pose com - plete, God of the wea - ry.
 Thou makest life a joy a gain, God of the wea - ry.
 With love, and zeal, and grat i tude, God of the wea - ry.

FIND SOMETHING TO DO.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."—Luke xii: 43.

J. H. TENNEY.

SOLI, OR A FEW VOICES.

CHORUS.

SOLI.



1. Why stand ye here i - dle? Work presses to - day;
 2. The Sabbath school needs you, Just en-ter and see;
 3. Don't say you are bus - y, Too old, or un - fit,
 4. Then up and a-way, In the vineyard to - day

"Find something to do;"
 Here's something to do;
 That's noth-ing to
 Cherish wait-eth for

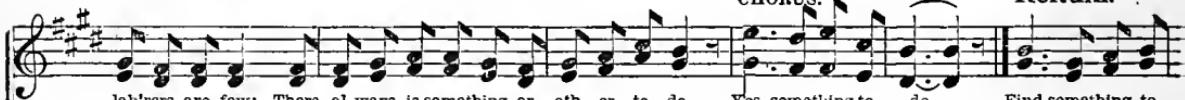
The field is en-larg-ing, the
 The ground needs preparing, then
 He sure - ly has some kind of
 His love should remind you, and

INST.



CHORUS.

Refrain.

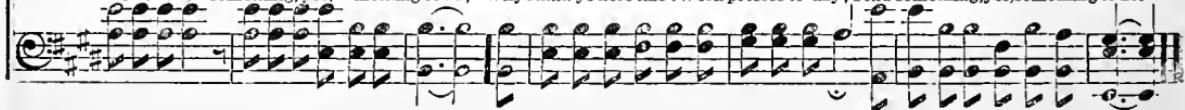


lab'ilers are few; There al-ways is something or oth - er to do, Yes, something to do.
 sow-ing the seed; Be i - dle in spring-time! 'tis fol - ly in-deed, There's so much to do.
 call - ing for you; He sure - ly has something or oth - er to do, Yes, something for
 gat - i - tude speak, THE DEBT YOU ARE O WING SHOULD PRESS YOU TO SEEK For something to do;

Find something to do.



do . . . Something, yes, something to do; Why stand ye here idle? Work presses to-day; Find something, yes, something to do.



something to do.

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HOW LOVING IS JESUS.

109

Andante moderato.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Galatians ii: 20.

A. J. ABBEY.
mod.

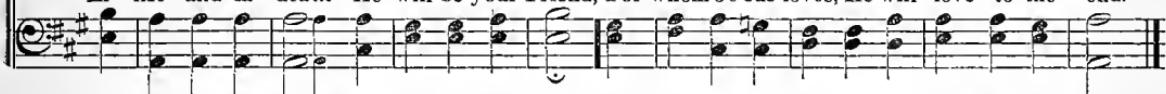


1. How lov-ing is Je-sus, Who came from the sky, In ten-der-est pit-y for sin-ners to die!
2. How glad-ly does Je-sus free par-don im-part To all who re-ceive Him by faith in their heart!
3. How pre-cious is Je-sus to all who be-lieve! And out of His ful-ness what grace they receive!
4. Oh, give then to Je-sus your ear-li-est days! They on-ly are bles-sed who walk in His ways;

mp



His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree, And all this He suffer'd for you and for me.
No e-vil befalls them, their home is a-bove, And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides, And ev'-ry thing needful He kind-ly pro-vides.
In life and in death He will be your Friend, For whom Je-sus loves, He will love to the end.



Refrain. Spirited.

slower



Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb! Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men!



* Use small notes for 2nd and 3rd verses.

*Andante.**"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—Rev. xxi: 5.*

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth, or the pride of birth;
 2. I do not ask for a glo - rious name That is writ - ten high on the scroll of FAME;
 3. I do not ask that my earth - ly life Should be free from bur - dens, from care and strife,
 4. I'd give up all that I hope be - low, All that time can give, or the world be - stow,

Be this the rath-er my one great care, In the "BOOK OF LIFE," that my name is there.
 Be this the rath-er con-cern of mine, To in - sure it there in that book di - vine.
 Nor that its cur-rent have tran-quil flow, If but this one thing I may sure - ly know.
 If, when the Lord in His king - dom come, He will know me then, and will take me home.

Chorus.

cres. — — —

f

In the "BOOK OF LIFE," on those pag - es fair, Do the an - gels see that my name is there?

IN THE BOOK OF LIFE. Concluded.

111

ritard.

In the "BOOK OF LIFE," on those pag-es fair, Is it there, written there? Is it there, written there?
rit. Is it there, written there?
rit.

OUR GLAD VOICES RAISE.

MRS. EDGAR W. LEVY.

Cheerful.

"*Praise ye the Lord.*"—Psalm cl.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. Our glad voi - ces let us raise In a song of love and praise, That we're tangbt in wisdom'a ways, In the Sabbath - school.
 2. Oh, the pre - cious truth we learn! May we all to Je - aus turn, And our hearts within us burn, Burn with love di - vine;
 3. To the Saviour'a feet we'll bring Our bright crowns, and then we'll sing, While we make glad Heaven ring With our grateful song;

D.C.—Our glad voi - ces let us raise In a song of love and praise, That we're taught in wt wisdom's ways, In the Sabbath - school.

D.C.

Here we learn of Je-sus' love, How He left His throne a-bove, Came to earth His grace to prove, Died on Cal-va - ry.
 Then shall we a ransomed band, Teachers all and children stand In that hap-py, hap-py land, From the Sabbath-school.
 And the joy-ful strain shall be, "Glory, bon - or, praise to Thee, Fa-ther, Son, and Spi - rit three;" Songs to him be - long.

D.C.

By permission.

I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

Opening or Closing Anthem.

PSALM XXXIV.

Joyous.

A. J. ABBEY.

*cres.**mf*

I will bless the Lord at all times, I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall con - tin-u-al-ly be



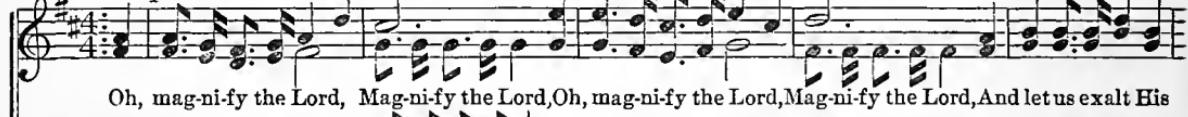
in my mouth; My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, The humble shall hear thereof and be glad.



Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,
Con spirito.

Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,

And let us exalt His



Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord, Mag-ni-fy the Lord, Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord, Mag-ni-fy the Lord, And let us exalt His



Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,

Oh, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,

And let us exalt His

name, And let us ex-alt, And let us ex-alt, And let us ex-alt his name for-ev-er, for - ev - er.
bo - ly name,

ST. ELIM. 6s & 4s. (National Song.)

"The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty." — Psalm xciii.

A. J. ABBEY.

Cres.

Maestoso.

1. God bles - sive our na - tive land; Firm may ehe ev - er stand Thro' storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we wait; Thou who art

2nd HYMN. (Closing Song.)

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther all
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy
3. To the great ONE in THREE The high-est prais-es be Hence ev - er - more; His sov'-reign

tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave, Do Thou our conn-try save By Thy great might.
ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with watch - ful eye, To Thee a - long we cry: "God save the State!"

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
Ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see; And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

LOVELY VALE OF REST.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." —Jude 1: 21.

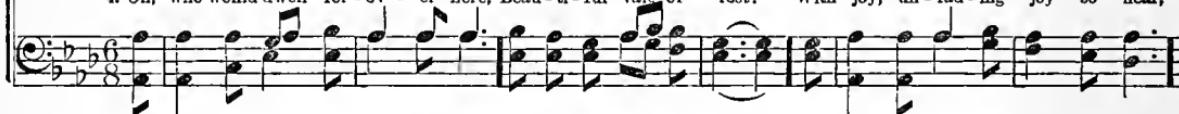
Mod.

F. H. ROBINSON.

CREST.



1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, BEAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST!
 2. THY RAD-IANT FIELDS and glow - ing skies, BEAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST!
 3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!
 4. Oh, who would dwell for-ev - er here, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!



SOLI.

mp

BEAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST! I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The glo - ries of thy tran - quill shore,
 Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows The wea - ry heart shall find re - pose,
 Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Yet when we reach thy gold - en strand, Our gen - tle Saviour's "promised land,"
 Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Oh, may I live, that I may wear A "STAR-BY CROWN" for-ev - er there,



Chorus.

CHORUS.



Where GRIEF and PAIN can
 Thy pear - ly gates shall
 We'll sing with all the
 And breathe thy sweet and

come no more, Hap - py vale of rest.
 nev - er close, Hap - py vale of rest.
 an - gel band, Hap - py vale of rest.
 balm - y air, Hap - py vale of rest.

BEAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST.

BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, VALE OF REST.



mod.

BRAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST! My soul with rap-ture longs for thee, O LOVE-LY VALE OF REST.

BRAU-TI-FUL, BRAU-TI-FUL VALE OF REST!

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

"Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another,"—Colossians iii: 13.

A. J. ABBEY.

Gently.

1.

2.

1. Chide mildly the err-ing, Kind language en-dears, Add not to their tears; A-void with re-proach-es
Grief follows the sin-ful, [OMIT, . . .] Jeer not at their fall, How weakly were all; What marvel that foot-steps
2. Chide mildly the err-ing, If strength be but hu-man, [OMIT, . . .] Eu-treat them with care, They need not des-pair; We all have some frail-ty
3. CHIDE MILDLY THE ER-RING, Their natures are mor-tal, [OMIT, . . .]

Fresh pain to be - stow, : THE HEART WHICH IS STRICKEN, NEEDS NEVER A BLOW, : NEEDS NEVER A BLOW.
should wander a - stray; : When tempests so shad-ow Life's wea-ri-some way, : Life's wea-ri-some way;
We all are un-wise; : The grace which redeems us Must come FROM THE SKIES, : Must come FROM THE SKIES.

MRS. EMMA PITTS.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

"Friend, how comest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" —Matthew xxii: 12.

Mod. con divoto.



1. Have you on the "wedding garment?" Are you ready for the feast? Je-sus bids you come and
2. Now the King His feast has ready; Makes a mar-riage for His Son; Sends His ser-vants forth to
3. Oh, I fear some poor lost sinner, If so long their case de-lay, Will from Him receive the
4. "Cast him in - to out-er dark-ness, He would not accept my call," Go ye forth in - to the



Chorus.



- wel-come; Those He's cho-sen seem the least. Oh, then heed His voice of warning; When the
call you; Have you now the garment on?
sen-tence, "Bind him now, and take a-way."
high-ways, Bid them come in, one and all. Oh, then heed His voice of warning,



- King your garb shall see,
When the King your garb shall see, If you lack the wedding garment, Then His guest you cannot be.
If you lack the wedding garment, Then His guest you cannot be.



FLASH THE TOP-LIGHTS. (Mission Song.)

117

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—Matthew v: 16.

Bold and joyful.

1. Out to sea, 'midst storm-y gales. When the Gos - pel's good ship sails, Let each
 2. There are wrecks on ev - 'ry side, Cries for help a - cross the tide, So that
 3. Je - sus stands be - side the helm, And the waves can - not o'erwhelm, While a -
 4. So the wreck'd ones they may hear, Know - ing that kind help is near; Ont at

Chorus. *mf*

warn - ing signal light Up a - loft be burning bright. Flash the top-lights far and wide! Tem-pest
 ev - 'ry one may see, Let the lights shine full and free.
 bove him bright and fair, Gleams the welcome signal there.
 sea, a-long the strand Trum-pet still this one command.

toss'd up - on the tide Some poor sin - ner they may save, As they gleam a - cross the wave.

From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission.

WE SHALL MEET HIM. (Duet and Chorus.)

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

A. J. ABBEY

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."—John xvii: 24.
Mod.

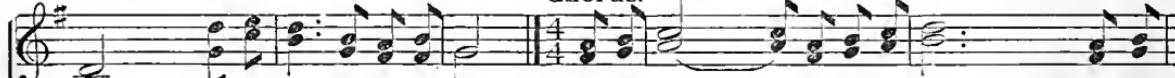


1. We've a Friend in realms a-bove, Fill'd with pit - y, join'd with love; His the pow'r our souls to
2. On the cross He bled and died, Pleading now the throne beside; Shows His nail-scarr'd hands and
3. He a jew - el'd crown doth wear In His pal - ace bright and fair; An-gel throngs attend Him

INST.



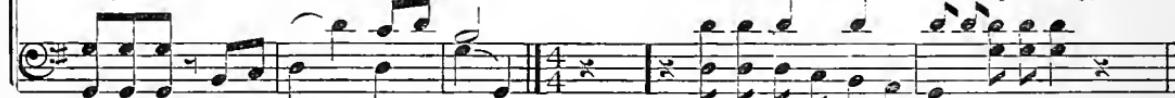
Chorus.



save,
feet;
now,
If we here His pardon crave.
His the righteousness complete.
At His feet with rev'rence bow.

WE SHALL MEET . . . HIM BY-AND-BY, KING OF

We shall meet HIM, meet HIM by-and-by,



We shall meet HIM by-and by, by and by;
rit. e dim.



KINGS, . . . ENTHRON'D ON HIGH, LAY OUR TROPHIES AT HIS FEET WHILE WE SING REDEMPTION SWEET.
King of kings en-thron'd on high.



DEVOTIONAL SONGS.
COME TO JESUS.

119

E. E. REXFORD.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. ii: 3.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

Con divoto.

1. Art thou wea-ry with transgres-sion? Art thou lonesome, sin-sick soul? Come to Je - sus; in con -
2. Do thy hopes like flowers with-er, Till thy soul is sick with dread? Come to Je - sus, trust - ing
3. Hast thou wander'd from the pathway, Where thy wayward feet should tread? Come to Je - sus, He is
4. Do the friends thou lovest leave thee? Art thou lonesome in the way? Come to Je - sus, He will

Chorus.
SOLL.

CHORUS.

fes - sion, He can make the poor heart-whole. Art thou lone - ly? Art thou wea-ry? Art thou
whol - ly, And thou shalt be com-fort - ed.
wait - ing; Ten-der - ly thou shalt be led.
love thee; He will care for thee al - way.

INST.

ritard.

sick and sore op - prest? Oh, poor sin - ner, Come to Je - sus; He will give thee peace and rest!

ritard.

THE GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

"Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise."—Isaiah xl: 11.

1. At the golden gate of pray'r I wait, The Lord my King ad - dress - ing,
 2. For the King I seek is kind and meek, Tho' He is high and ho - ly;
 3. At the golden gate of pray'r I wait, In God's own way ap - point - ed,

Till He draw near my
 He knows me well, and
 Till He in grace un -

suit to hear, And grant His roy - al bless - ing.
 loves to dwell With humble hearts and low - ly.
 veil His face, In Christ His own anointed.

Chorus.

GOLDEN GATE, GOLDEN GATE, The
 GOLDEN GATE, GOLDEN GATE,

gold-en gate of pray'r; Watch and wait, Watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.

Watch and wait, Watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.

OH! 'TIS WONDERFUL!

E. A. BARNES.

121

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

Moderato.

"For by grace are ye saved."—Ephesians ii: 8.

1. In the gos-pel's sweet old sto - ry, Lo! I read its gold-en theme; How the Prince of life and
2. Sin its se - cret work was ply-ing; Add-ing guilt with ev-'ry day; Till I read that Christ in
3. To His love I was a stranger; To His call I gave no heed; Till at last I saw my
4. Lost in sin was my con-di-tion; Hope had not a rest-ing-place; Till I felt that with con-

Chorus.

glo - ry Came to suf - fer and re-deem.
dy - ing, Died to take my guilt a - way.
dan - ger, Found the Friend I stood in need.
tri - tion E - ven I was saved by grace.

OH! 'TIS WON - DER - FUL, WON - DER - FUL!

ritard.

YES! 'TIS WONDERFUL, WON-DER-FUL! OH! 'TIS WON-DER-FUL, WONDERFUL! THE STO-RY OF HIS LOVE.

ritard.

M. B. PECK.

M. J. MUNGER. By per.

"But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me; thou art my help ana my deliverer."—Ps. xl: 17.

1. Day by day we need THEE, JE - sus; We dare not tread a - lone The rough and thorn - y
 2. Temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, And we are ver - y weak; How can we stand a -
 3. When in the dark - some val - ley Where death stands grim and cold, Oh! come then, gen - tle

path - way That leadeth to the throne From which there flows the riv - er Of life, as cry - stal pure;
 gainst them Un - less thy grace we seek; And in our pathway dai - ly They lurk there, venom'd foes;
 Sav - iour, Us in Thine arms en - fold; A - cross the deep, dark riv - er, Oh! bear us safe - ly on;

rit.

Refrain.

Yes, ev - 'ry day we need THEE, To make each step more sure. Yes, Je - sus, we need Thee, Thy
 We need Thy strength, dear Saviour, These e - vils to op - pose.
 We'll sink be - neath the wa - ters With-out thine arm so strong.

rit.

DAY BY DAY WE NEED THEE, Concluded.

ritard.

123



guiding hand we want each day, To com-fort and sup-port us, And lead us in the heav'nly way.



O SAVIOUR, BLESS THOU ME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"Jesus saith I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."—Luke v: 32.

R. G. STAPLES.

Devotional.



1. { A call from Je-sus comes to me, A call from heaven sent;
It hids me sep-a-rate from sin; [OMIT.]
 2. { That call has of-ten come to me; It comes a-gain to-day;
I'll come and yield my-self to God, [OMIT.]
 3. { O voice of sweet and ten-der love! Ap-pealing to my heart,
I now re-solve, God help-ing me, [OMIT.]
- { It tells me to re-pent.
No more in sin de-lay.
From all my sins to part.



Chorus.

rit.



I hear Thy call, dear Lord, And come in tears to Thee; Oh! save me from my sins; O Saviour, bless Thou me.



rit.

R. A. GLENN.
Mod. con divoto.SINNER, JESUS DIED FOR THEE!* A. J. ABBEY. By per.
"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter ii: 24. Arr. from MSS. of R. A. G.

1. Sin-ner, sinner, Je-sus died for thee, From your sins to set you free;
 2. Sin-ner, sinner, Je-sus rose for thee From the grave triumphantly;
 3. Sin-ner, sinner, Je-sus lives for thee, Wrought the work of God for thee;

Groan'd His last on Cal-va -
Pleading now in heav'n for
He'll receive and pardon

Chorus.

mp rit.

ry!
thee,
thee;

Sinner, come, oh, why de-lay?
Sinner, come, do not de-lay.
He sal - va-tion of-fers free.

SEE HIM ON THE RUGGED CROSS,

mp rit.

SEE HIM ON THE CROSS, THE RUGGED CROSS,
Praying for a world once lost. Gently. cres. pia ritard.

PRAYING, PRAYING for a world once lost; SEE HIS PIERCED HANDS AND SIDE, 'TWAS FOR YOU, FOR YOU AND ME HE DIED.

* Repeat first word in each verse for alto.

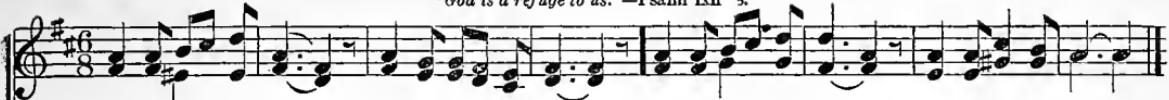
'Twas for you and me He died.

REFUGE.

125

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

"God is a refuge to us."—Psalm lxxi. 9.

1. In the dark-est hour That my heart may know, Out of Sa-tan's pow'r, Whither shall I go?
2. Here there is no refuge For the soul op-press'd; Whither shall I jourNEY? Whither seek for rest?
3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe; To be free from torment, Whither can I go?
4. Bound in cords of anguish, By my sins dis-may'd, Whither then, ah, whither Can I look for aid?
5. Joy in trib-u-la-tion! Hope that sets me free! Je-sus my Sal-va-tion, Lo! I turn to Thee.



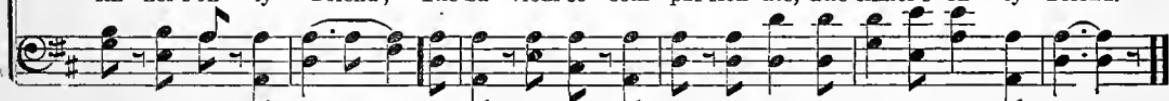
Chorus.



To Je-sus! to Je-sus! On - ly un - to Je-sus, The Sav-iour so com-pas-sion-ate, The



sin-ner's on - ly Friend; The Sa-viour so com-pas-sion-ate, The sinner's on - ly Friend.



sin-ner's on - ly, on - ly Friend.

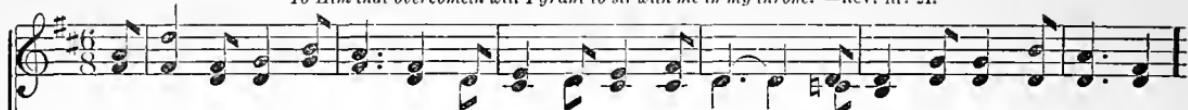
From "CRYSTAL SONGS," by permission.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH.

E. R. LATTA.

"To Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."—Rev. iii: 21.

W. A. OGDEN.



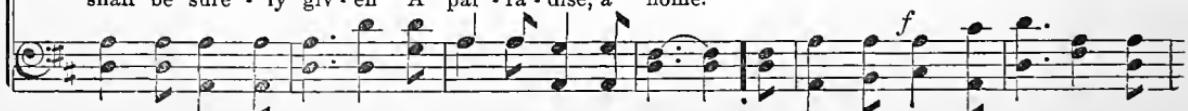
1. To him that o - ver - com - eth, As I have o - ver - come, There shall be sure - ly giv - en
 2. They called him a de - ceiv - er, Those cru - el, wick - ed men, Because he said his bo - dy
 3. The res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Up - on the earth shall break; The dis - mal tomb shall o - pen,



A par - a - dise, a home; I gave my life a ran - som, For sin - ners to a - tone; Now
 Should come to life a - gain; The grave could not contain Him; Be - hold the keepers fall! The
 And all the dead a - wake; To Him that o - ver-com - eth, As I have o - ver - come, There

Chorus. *f*

I am with my Fa - ther, And sit up - on His throne. To him that o - ver-com - eth, As
 bars of death are sun-der'd, And He has conquer'd all.
 shall be sure - ly giv - en A par - a - dise, a home.



rit.

I have o - ver - come. There shall be sure - ly giv - en, A par - a - dise, a home.

JESUS IS WAITING?

A. B. B.

A. B. BRAGDON.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matthew xi: 28.

Chorus.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing, Waiting for thee, Ten-der-ly whispering, "Hasten to Me." Wait - ing,
2. Why will ye lin - ger, Why still de-lay, Why from His open arms turn ye a-way? Je - sus is wait-ing,
3. Heed ye the whisper? List to His voice; Turn from the paths of sin; Make Him your choice.

rit.

wait - ing, Why still re-main ? Wait - ing, wait - ing, Waits He in vain ?
 Je - sus is waiting, Je - sus is waiting, waiting, waits He in vain ?

128 STEP INTO THE KINGDOM TO-DAY. (Duet and Chorus.)

MRS. EMMA PITT.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Corinthians vi: 2.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

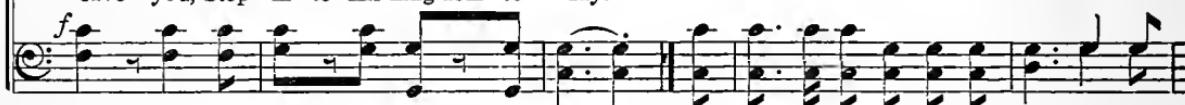
Mod. con express.



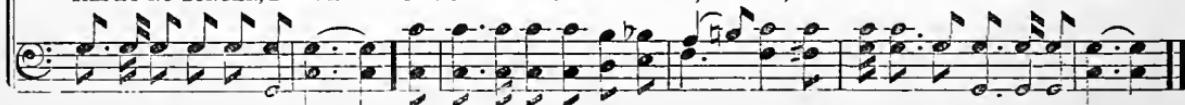
1. Oh, come to the sweet waters flow-ing! Why lin-ger in sadness and gloom? Oh, haste to the fountain of
2. Oh, come while the SAVIOUR is wait-ing, And lov'd ones are pleading for you; Oh, why should you wander still?
3. He knows you are WEARY and FAINTING, All la-den with SORROW and GRIEF; Step out of your own self-ish
4. Look up, your Redeemer is stoop-ing; How can you stay longer a-way? For now He is waiting to



mer - ey, For all are in - vit - ed to come! STEP IN - TO THE KINGDOM OF JE - SUS, OH,
thirst - ing, While He is so near to your view!
trust - ing, In Je-sus you'll find sweet re - lief.
save you, Step in - to His king-dom to - day.



TAR-RY NO LONGER, I PRAY! SO GENTLY HE CALLETH THEE, SIN-NER, STEP IN-TO THE KINGDOM TO-DAY.



JESUS HEAR US.

129

WM. ALFRED GAY.

M. J. MUNGER.

*Con divoto.**"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up."—James iv: 10.**mp*

1. JE-SUS, MASTER, look on me, As I lift my tho'ts in pray'r; With a glance my spir - it
 2. JE-SUS, SAVIOUR, smile on me, With THY love my bo - som fill; I would now and ev - er
 3. JE-SUS, HELPER, speak to me; Words can les - sen my dis - tress; Thou dost all my an - guish
 4. JE-SUS, I HAVE LEFT WITH THEE, All I am, and what I need; To THY side I glad - ly

Chorus.

Mod. mp

free; Rend the cloud that fills the air. Je - sus hear us, Thou art near us, And we
 be Nearing Thee on Zi - on's hill.
 see; Thou a - lone canst hear and bless.
 free; Thou must help, and Thou must lead.

Je - sus hear us,

Thou art near us,

feel Thy strengthening grace; In our grief Thy blessings cheer us, While we see Thy loving face.

ritard e dim.

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

*"By his own blood, having obtained eternal redemption for us."—Heb. ix: 12.**Andante (with feeling).*

1. Oh, the love, the wondrous love, Far be-yond ex - pres-sion! Love that gave the Son of God
 2. Yes, He wore a thorn-y crown While His foes de - ri - ded; Yet the pa-tient lov-ing Lamb
 3. For our sins He bore the cross Till beneath it fall-ing, And He for His murd'rer's pray'd,

For a world's transgression! Laying wealth and hon-or-s hy, In the courts of glo - ry;
 Nev-er, nev-er chi - ded! Oh, the an - guish that He felt, In the gar-den pray - ing;
 On the Father call - ing. Let me bear the cross for Him, And de - ny Him nev - er;

Chorus. *Moderato.*

Je - sus came for man to die; Oh, the blessed sto - ry! From the dread deserts of sin,
 With the bur - den of our guilt On His spir - it weighing!
 Oh, be mine a star-ry crown That shall shine for-ev - er!

THE BLESSED STORY. Concluded.

131

ritard.

"Tis His death that frees us ; Let our glo - rious watchword be, JE - SUS, ON - LY JE - SUS!

SOME MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Moderato.**aff.**"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Psalm xcv: 7.*

1. Some more con-ven-i ent time! Oh, not to - day ; Dark seems the Christian's life ; Long is the way ;
 2. Some more con-ven-i ent day ! Sin - ner, come now ; Low at the feet of Christ Pray'r-ful - ly bow ;
 3. Come to the Saviour now ; No more de - lay ; Je - sus is pass - ing by ; Yield thee to - day !

rit.

Some more con-ven-i ent time When I'm more free From all these lit - tle cares, I'll come to Thee.
 Some more con-ven-i ent time ! No lon - ger roam ; While it is called to - day, Sin - ner come home.
 Je - sus is call-ing now ! No lon - ger roam ; A more con - ven-i ent time Will nev - er come.

From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

F. A. H.

"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Ephesians ii 13.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the LAMB; There's a

S:

mod.

FINE.

ful-ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 rest each mo-ment in the cru-ci-fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul be read-y for the man-sions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

D.S. GAR-MENTS SPOTLESS, ARE THEY WHITE AS SNOW? ARE YOU WASH'D IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB?

Chorus.

D.S.

Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

ARE YOUR

Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood, in the blood of the Lamb; ARE YOUR
From "SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS," by permission.

FOR SUCH AS I

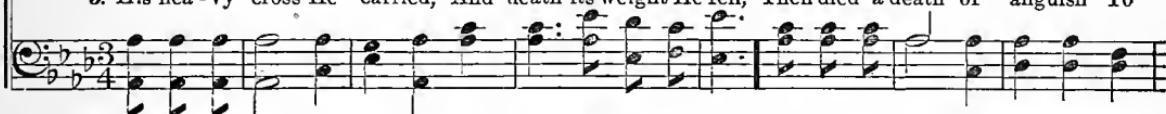
133

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

*Devotional.**"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." —2 Cor. viii: 9.*

1. For such as I, the Saviour Did lay His glo - ry by, And leave the courts of glo - ry To
 2. For such as I He struggled The night's dark watches thro', That sinners might not suf - fer The
 3. His hea - vy cross He carried, And 'neath its weight He fell, Then died a death of anguish To



suf - fer and to die! Tho' He was rich and might-y, At God's right hand above, In pover - ty and
 doom so just-ly due; Tho' mock'd by Roman sol - diers, And by the Jews denied, He still was meek and
 res-cue me from hell! For such as I, dear Sav - iour, Yes, it was e'en for me; Then I will haste, re -



mp rit. Refrain. *cres.* *ritard.*
 weakness He came to prove His love. FOR SUCH AS I, FOR SUCH AS I, DID CHRIST, MY SAVIOUR BLEED AND DIE.
 pa - tient, Nor un-to them replied.
 joic - ing, Dear Jesus, now to Thee.

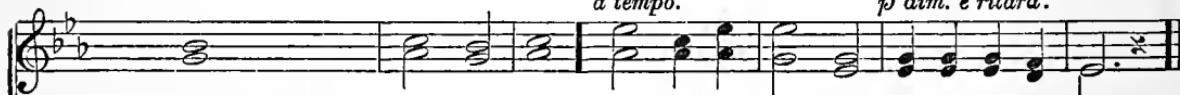


WM. ALFRED GAY.

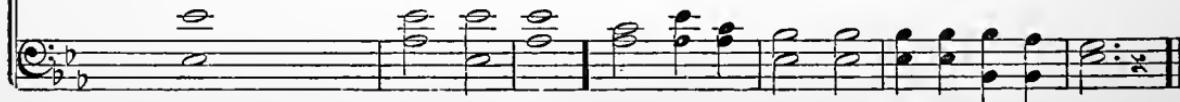
EARL REDEN. By per.

*"My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long."—Psalm xxxv: 28.**mf*

1. Tho' Jesus' yoke should gall my stub - born neck,
 2. Tho' deep affliction blocks my on - ward way,
 3. Yes, tho' my feet shall tread the vale of death,
 4. And if this tired soul shall } reach that } bless - ed land,
 5. I seem to hear above the wreck of Time,
- And God should hold my haughty soul in check,
 And midnight falls upon my bright - est day,
 And untold anguish choke my lat - est breath,
 Which Christ hath promised to His blood-bo't band,
 Above the peal of Heaven's loud - est chime.

mf*a tempo.**p dim. e ritard.*

- Still, I should know, whatever else be - fell, | That CHRIST my MAS-TER, | do - eth all things well.
 Out from my dark and gloomy dun - geo n cell Shall ring, "The Mas - ter, | do - eth all things well."
 Yet on my cold and palsied lips shall dwell Those words, "The Mas - ter, | do - eth all things well."
 My tongue to saint and seraph oft shall tell, "The Lord, my Mas - ter, | do - eth all things well."
 Above the groans that fill the dark - est hell, This tho', "The Mas - ter, | do - eth all things well."



CLOSER TO THEE.

135

A. J. ABBEY. By *p.m.**Andante.**"Who gave himself for us, that he might reaem us."—Titus ii: 14.*

1. CLOSER, my Saviour, still CLOSER to Thee; Closer to Je - sus my heart longs to be;
 2. Clos-er by day, tho' my sky be all bright; CLOSER, still CLOSER, when falleth the night;
 3. When to the Jor-dan of death I de-scend, Dan-ger I'll fear not if Christ be my Friend;

Round me His arm, on His bo-som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal - va-ry bled.
 Earth has no spot where without him I'm safe; Time has no moment I need not His grace.
 Breasting the bil-lows, my death-song shall be, CLOSER, STILL CLOSER, my SAVIOUR, to Thee.

*Refrain.**cres.**cres.**mod.**rit.*

Clos - er, still clos - er, yes, clos - er to Thee; Clos - er, my Saviour dear, clos - er to Thee.

Clos-er.

Clos-er,

Clos-er to Thee:

WILLIAM ALFRED GAY.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—Titus ii: 13.

Mod.

I.

2.

1. I am walking in the shad - ows, And I cannot see the light,
But I know the sunbeams beckon, (OMIT) } Just beyond my gloomy night;
2. I would rather walk at midnight, With the Saviour at my side,
Than without his love and presence, (OMIT) } In the brightest noon abide;
3. I have fix'd my eyes on heaven, While my Saviour leads the way,
And I almost see the break-ing (OMIT) } Of the bright e-ter-nal day;

cres. rit. mp

I am pressing thro' the darkness, But I do not walk a - lone, For I clasp the hand which
Yes, I know that Jesus guides me, That he leads me thro' the night, . . . And I walk a-mid the
Yes, I hear the distant mu - sic Of the glory-burden'd land, . . . And my tongue now joins the

mf

rit.

cres.

dim.

Chorus.

mf

hold - eth
shad - ows,
cho - rus,

All e-ter-ni-ty in one.
Sat - is-fied to wait for light.
As I hold my Master's hand.

Walking with Je - sus thro' the night,

WALKING WITH JESUS. Concluded.

137

A musical score for two voices. The top staff shows a soprano part with dynamics: *mp*, *mf*, *cres.*, *mod.*, and *dim.*. The lyrics are: "Waiting the breaking of the light, Fearing no ill that can be-tide, Blessèd are we with such a Guide." The bottom staff shows an accompaniment in bass clef, consisting of eighth-note chords.

Waiting the breaking of the light, Fearing no ill that can be-tide, Blessed are we with such a Guide.

LEAD US, SAVIOUR.

WM. ALFRED GAY.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." —

KARL REDEN.

Moderate "Keep
man

A musical score for a three-part setting of the hymn "Lead Us, Saviour". The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in C major, and the bottom staff in F major. The key signature changes between the staves. The tempo is marked "Moderato. mp". The lyrics are as follows:
1. Lead us, SAV - IOUR, lead us near THEE; May we learn to love, not fear THEE;
2. Teach us, SAV - IOUR, how to know THEE, Still we plead, tho' far be - low THEE;
3. May we nev - er, LORD, be - tray THEE; Be our HELP; we would o - bey THEE;

1. Lead us, SAV - IOUR, lead us near THEE; May we learn to love, not fear THEE;
2. Teach us, SAV - IOUR, how to know THEE, Still we plead, tho' far be - low THEE;
3. May we nev - er, LORD, be - tray THEE; Be our HELP; we would o - obey THEE;

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo marking of 'pp' (pianissimo). The lyrics 'Speak O CHRIST, for we would have THEE; JE-SUS, lis-ten to our prayer.' are written below the notes. The bottom staff shows a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'May we give the love we owe THEE; JE-SUS, lis-ten to our prayer.' are written below the notes. The lyrics 'Make us faith-ful, this we pray THEE; JE-SUS, lis-ten to our prayer.' are written below the notes. The score concludes with a dynamic marking of 'rit.' (ritardando) and a fermata over the final note.

Speak O CHRIST, for we would have THEE; JE - SUS, lis - ten to our prayer.
May we give the love we owe THEE; JE - SUS, lis - ten to our prayer.
Make us faith - ful, this we pray THEE; JE - SUS, lis - ten to our prayer.

E. R. LATTA.

"And he saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" — John xxi: 17.

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato andante.

rit.

Chorus. *mp**mf*

rit.

BLESSED JESUS!

139

O. F. P.

OTIS F. PRESBREY

*Cheerfully.**"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter ii: 7.*

1. Oh, how hap - py I should be! Je sus loves and cares for me; Ev - er hears me
 2. When my heart is lone and sad, Thy sure pro - mise makes me glad; Thou wilt light - en
 3. When this fleet - ing life is o'er, I will sing on yon - der shore; Bless - ed Je - sus

Chorus.

when I pray, List - ens to each word I say. BLESS - ED JE - SUS! 'TWAS FOR ME,
 ev - 'ry task, Al - ways help when - e'er I ask.
 I shall be, Hap - py thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

slowly.

THOU DID'ST SUFFER ON THE TREE; PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, MAY I BE DAI - LY MORE AND MORE LIKE THEE!

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

"For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." —Romans x: 4.

REV. E. A. BOFFMAN.

1. Let Je - sus lead thee, sure - ly He knows best Which way is saf - est for thy ea - ger soul;
 2. Let Je - sus help thee, sure - ly He knows best What is thy strength, and what thy toil and need;
 3. Let Je - sus teach thee, sure - ly He knows best What les - sons thou dost need to make thee wise;
 4. Let Je - sus keep thee, sure - ly He knows best What hid - den dan - gers lie a - long the way;

Walk where He leads, and trust Him for the rest,
 Do what thou canst, and leave to Him the rest,
 Re - ceive what He makes plain, and leave the rest,
 Go watch and fight, and pray, and leave the rest
 And He will bring thee to the high-est goal.
 And He will make thy trust thy noblest deed.
 Till thou shalt see Him with im - mor - tal eyes.
 To Him Who is thy ev - er - last - ing stay.

Chorus.

Let Je - sus save thee, sure - ly He knows best, How great the curse, how deep the woe of sin;

HE KNOWS BEST. Concluded.

141

Be - lieve, o - bey, and He will do the rest, And so thy faith e - ter - nal life shall win.

JESUS IS MINE!

MRS. C. J. BONAR.

"My beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon ii: 16.

Mod. con divoto.

A. J. ABBEY.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii: 24.

SOLI.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, JE - SUS IS MINE! { Dark is this wilderness; Earth has no resting-place.
2. Break, every tender tie, JE - SUS IS MINE! {
2. Tempt not my soul away, JE - SUS IS MINE! { Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
3. Here would I ev - er stay, JE - SUS IS MINE! {
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, JE - SUS IS MINE! { All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis - mal void;
3. Lost in the dawning light, JE - SUS IS MINE! {

INST.

CHORUS.

rit.

Je - sus a - lone can bless, JE - SUS IS MINE!

Pass from my dreams a - way, JE - SUS IS MINE!

Je - sus has sat - is - fied, JE - SUS IS MINE!

VOICE.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend,
JESUS IS MINE!
His love shall never end,
JESUS IS MINE!
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendship cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
JESUS IS MINE!

- 2 FATHER, Thy name I bless,
JESUS IS MINE!
THINE was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be THINE!
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the FATHER's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
JESUS IS MINE!

REST OF THE SOUL.

M. A. CATO.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Romans v: 8-11.

M. J. MUNGER.

Moderato.

Musical score for 'Rest of the Soul'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and common time. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics for this section are:

1. Oh, rest of the soul, sweet rest of the soul, The blood of atonement, hath made my heart whole; From
2. Oh, rest of the weary, how sweet to re-cline On the promise of Je-sus, and feel it is mine; Tho'
3. Oh, rest, precious rest, how delightful to be From the wea-ri-some bondage of sin ev-er free; To
4. Oh, rest ev-er-last-ing, 'tis on - ly be-gun, When the short troubled journey of life shall be run; All

ritard.

The score continues with the same two staves. The lyrics for this section are:

ev -'ry pol - lu - tion my spir - it is clean; The blood of the Saviour hath cleans'd me from sin.
 storms of temp-ta-tion, tho' tempests of sin With - out may be raging, sweet peace dwells within.
 lay down my bur - den at Je -sus' dear feet, And cease from my toil-ing and lab - ring, 'tis sweet.
 glo-rious, all per-fect, that rest I shall prove In the mansions prepared for the faith - ful a - bove.

The score continues with the same two staves. The lyrics for this section are:

Chorus

The score concludes with the same two staves. The lyrics for this final section are:

Rest of the soul, sweet rest of the soul, The blood of a - tone-ment hath made my heart whole.

IS IT FOR ME?

143

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

J. E. HALL.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."—Psalm xxiv: 4.

1. Is it for me, dear Sav - ion, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest? For me, so weak and
 1. Is it for me to see Thee In all Thy glo - rious grace? And gaze in end - less
 1. Is it for me to list - en To Thy be - lov - ed voice? And hear its sweet - est
 2. Is it for me Thy wel - come, Thy gra - cious "en - ter in"? For me Thy "come, ye
 3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, My heart is at Thy feet; I bless Thee, and I
 3. A thrill of sol - emn glad - ness Has hush'd my ve - ry heart; To think that I shall
 4. I'll see Thee in Thy beau - ty; Be - hold These face to face; Be - hold Thee in Thy
 4. And be with Thee for - ev - er; And nev - er grieve Thee more! Dear Sav - iour, I must

Chorus.

sin - ful; Oh! shall I be so blest.
 rap - ture On Thy he - lov - ed face?
 mu - sic Bid e - ven me re - joice?
 biess - ed," For me eo full of sin?
 love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
 real - ly Be - hold Thee as Thou art.
 glo - ry; And know Thy smile of grace.
 praise Thee, And lov - ing - ly a - dore.

O SAV - IOUH, PRE - CIOUS SAV - IOUH, HOW

CAN I BUT A - DORE, AND MAG - NI - FY, AND PRAISE THEE, AND LOVE THEE EV - ER - MORE.

dim.

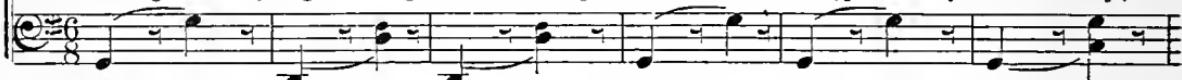
LOVING SAVIOUR

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. iii. 20.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

Legato.
SOLO.

1. Who would let an earth-ly friend At his doorway knock in vain? Quick that friend from him with-in,
2. If we ope our hearts to Him, He will make us ful - ly blest; He will drive our cares a - way,
3. Lov-ing Saviour, slighted long, I will o - pen now the door! Come, possess my heart to-day;



CHORUS.

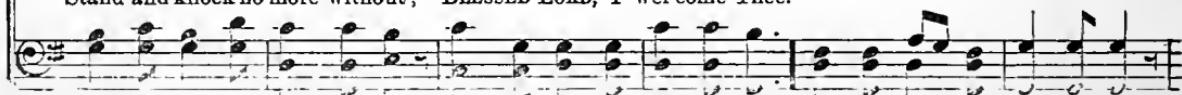
cres.



Would a welcome entrance gain; Yet the mighty King of kings Vainly pleads from day to day;
And will give us heavenly rest; If we keep Him still without, We His bless-ing ne'er shall know;
There a - bide for - ev - er - more! Thou wast slain my soul to save, On the cross of Cal - va - ry;



Hearts un-grate-ful, si - lent keep, Tempting Him to turn a-way. HE IS KNOCKING TO COME IN,
On - ly He can res - cue us From the gulf of end-less woe.
Stand and knock no more without; BLESSED LORD, I wel-come Thee.



LOVING SAVIOUR. Concluded

145

mp

AND TO SAVE THY SOUL FROM SIN! DO NOT TEMPT HIM TO DEPART FROM THE DOORWAY OF YOUR HEART.

cres.

rit.

EVEN NOW.

WM. ALFRED GAY.

M. J. MUNGER. By per.

*Mod. cres. and dim.**"Teach me thy ways, O Lord."—Psalm xxvii: 11.*

1. Teach me, Father, how to love THEE; Rend the clouds that frown above me, E - ven now, E - ven now;
 2. Make me more a child of heaven, May my heart to Thee be giv-en, E - ven now, E - ven now;
 3. Guide me, Lord, I would o - obey Thee; Rule me always, this I pray Thee, E - ven now, E - ven now;

rit. e dim.

Place Thine arms of love around me; Break the clouds which long have bound me, Even now, E - ven now.
 This my pray'r, O God, receive it; Thou art mine, I do believe it, E - ven now, E - ven now.
 Give my soul some sign or token That my words are rightly spoken, E - ven now, E - ven now.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke xv: 24

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With earnest feeling. Moderato.

1. The way was long, and dark and drear, No loving word, no household cheer; My Father call'd me by my
 2. I on- ly brought a ru-in'd name; My Father lov'd me just the same; And I was nak - ed, bries'd and
 3. He gave to me the robe and ring; Naught but re-pent-ance did I bring; But now I'd sing with glad ac -

mod. *Refrain. mf*

name, And to my Fa - ther's house I came. Oh, I've come home, ring out the strain, For I've come
sore, My Father lov'd me more and more.
claim Of Him who brought me home a - gain.

cres. *mod.*

home, come home a - gain; Oh, I've come home, ring out the strain, For I've come home, come home a - gain.

From "ALWAYS WELCOME," by permission.

CHRIST THE SOLID ROCK.

"He only is my rock and my salvation." — Psalm lxii: 2.

Mod.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev'- ry high and
3. His oath, His cov'nant, and His blood Support me in the whelming flood; When all around on

mod.

Refrain

cres.

sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ the sol id Rock I stand, All
storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with in the vale.
earth gives way, He then is all my Hope and Stay

ritard.

oth -er ground is sinking sand; On Christ the sol id Rock I stand, All oth -er ground is sinking sand.

NEARER HOME.*

PHOEBE CAREY.

A. J. ABBEY. By per.

"When a few days are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."—Job xvi: 22.

Mod.

mp

cres.



1. One sweet - ly, sol-emu thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to - day,
 2. I'm near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where many mansions be, I'm nearer where Jesus reigns,
 3. We ask a Fa-ther's aid, To lay the bur-den down; Then take us to His home,

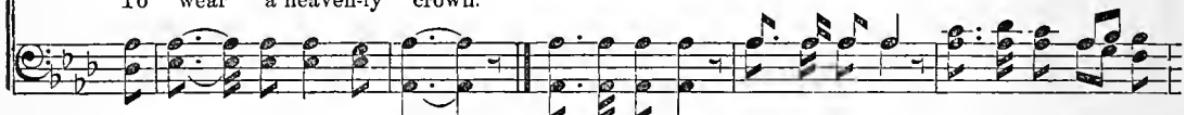


Chorus.



Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
 I'm near-er the crys - tal sea.
 To wear a heaven-ly crown.

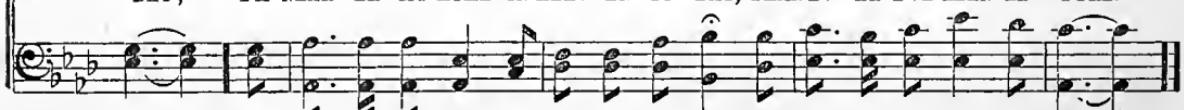
NEAR - ER MY HOME, NEAR - ER MY HOME, NEARER MY HOME TO -



ritard.



DAY; I'M NEAR - ER MY HOME IN HEAV - EN TO - DAY, THAN EV - ER I'VE BEEN BE - FORE.



* Use tie as verses require.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

149

REV. WM. McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be -
 2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be
 3. Death it - self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye
 4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your triumphs as ye go; Zi - on's gates will o - pen

Chorus. .

fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 transient In that ho - ly hap - py land.
 ransom'd, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 for you; You shall find an en - trance thro'.

d.s.—In the sweet fields of

FINE. D.S.

wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you; On the oth - er side of Jor-dan,
 Eden. Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
 2. Thro' each bright world a - bove, be hold Ten thou-sand thou - sand charms un - fold;
 3. But in re - depm - tion, oh, what grace! Its won - ders, on, what thought can trace!

SECOND HYMN.

1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - elege thy tem - ple gates;
 2. How blest Thy saints! how safe - ly led! How sure - ly kept! how rich - ly fed!

Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and all of love.
 Earth, air, and might - y seas com - bine To speak His wis - dom all di - vine.
 Here wis - dom shines for ev - er bright; Praise Him, my soul, . . . with sweet de - light.

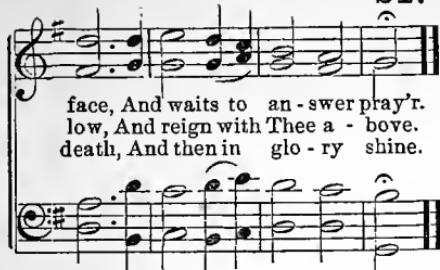
All flesh shall to thy throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, . . . sal - va - tion there.
 Sa - viour of all the earth and sea, How hap - py they . . . who trust in Thee!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

NEWTON.

HANDEL.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls us near; There Je - sus shows a smil - ing
 2. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow; Thy pres - ence and Thy love; We ask to serve Thee here be -
 3. Teach us to live by faith; Con - form our will to Thine; Let us vic - to - rious be in



SECOND HYMN.

- 1 Come sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.
face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
low, And reign with Thee a - bove.
death, And then in glo - ry shine.
- 2 Come worship at His throne;
Come bow before the Lord ;
- 3 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

WATTS.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (National Hymn.)

S. F. SMITH.

Musical notation for the hymn 'AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (National Hymn.)' featuring three staves of music with various note heads and rests. The lyrics are provided below the staves.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble tree, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fath - ers' God, To Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.

FINE.



1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays,} Teach me some me - lo - dious Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise,}
 2. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; } Oh, to grace how great a He to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-clous blood; }



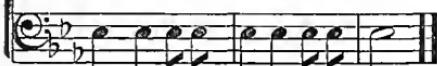
D.C.—Fill my soul with sa - cred plea - sure, While I sing re - deem-ing love.

D.C.—Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'rung heart to Thee.

D.C.



measure, Sung by raptur'd saints above;
debt - or Dai-ly I'm constrain'd to be!



SECOND HYMN.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

2 When He lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was His name,
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a FRIEND we have above.

NEWTON.

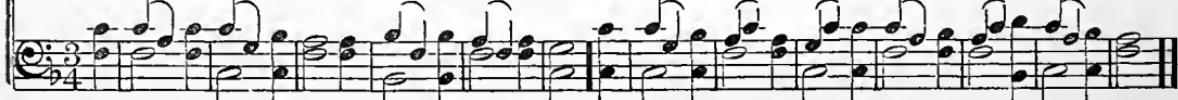
FAWCETT.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAOELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 3. We share our in-tui-tional woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows the sym - pa-thiz - ing tear.



E. PERRONNET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And
 2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res - trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as-crihe, And
 3. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.
 crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.

Tune,—“CORONATION.”

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ? | 2 Sure I must fight if I would reign ; Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. | 3 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. WATTS. |
|--|--|--|

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—Psalm xli: 8.

BR. MARAN.

Moderato.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-
3. Shout, ye lit - tie flock, and blest, You on Je - sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now pre - pared, There your kingdom

SECOND HYMN.

"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 "Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither laste.

3 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heav'n.
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - men, A - men.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

155

Words by DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

D. C.

Tune,—"GREENVILLE."

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us all Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us, O refresh us!
 Traveling through this wilderness.
D. C. O refresh us, etc.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 Let the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May Thy presence, may Thy presence,
 Evermore with us be found.
D. C. May Thy presence, etc.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And grieves a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll Blest Sav-iour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure,warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - som'd soul!

CHAS. WESLEY.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

FINE.

S. B. MARSH.

D. C.

1. Je-sus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly, } { Hide me,O my Sav-iour, hide, }
 While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. } { 'Till the storm of life be past, }
 D. C. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hang my helpless soul on Thee, } { All my trust on Thee is stayed; }
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone! Still sup-port and comfort me, } { All my help from Thee I bring; }
 D. C. Cov - er-my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

FINE.

D. C.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

157

ADAMS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Clear - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross, That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs, Al - tars I'll raise, So by my woes to be
 stars for got, Up - ward I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee. NEAR - ER, MY GOD, TO THEE, NEAR - ER TO THEE.

Dox. 1. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as Thy glo - ry fills the sky,
 " 2. Praise God, from Whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low;
 " 3. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One,

So let it be on earth dis - played, Till Thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 Be hon - or, praise, and glo - ry giv'n By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

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DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

D. C.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
 D. C. Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side that flow'd
 2. Should my tears for-ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-gor know, { This for sin could not a - tone; }
 D. C. In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling. { Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. }
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death, { When I rise to worlds un-known, }
 D. C. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. { And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, }

FINE.

D. C.

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